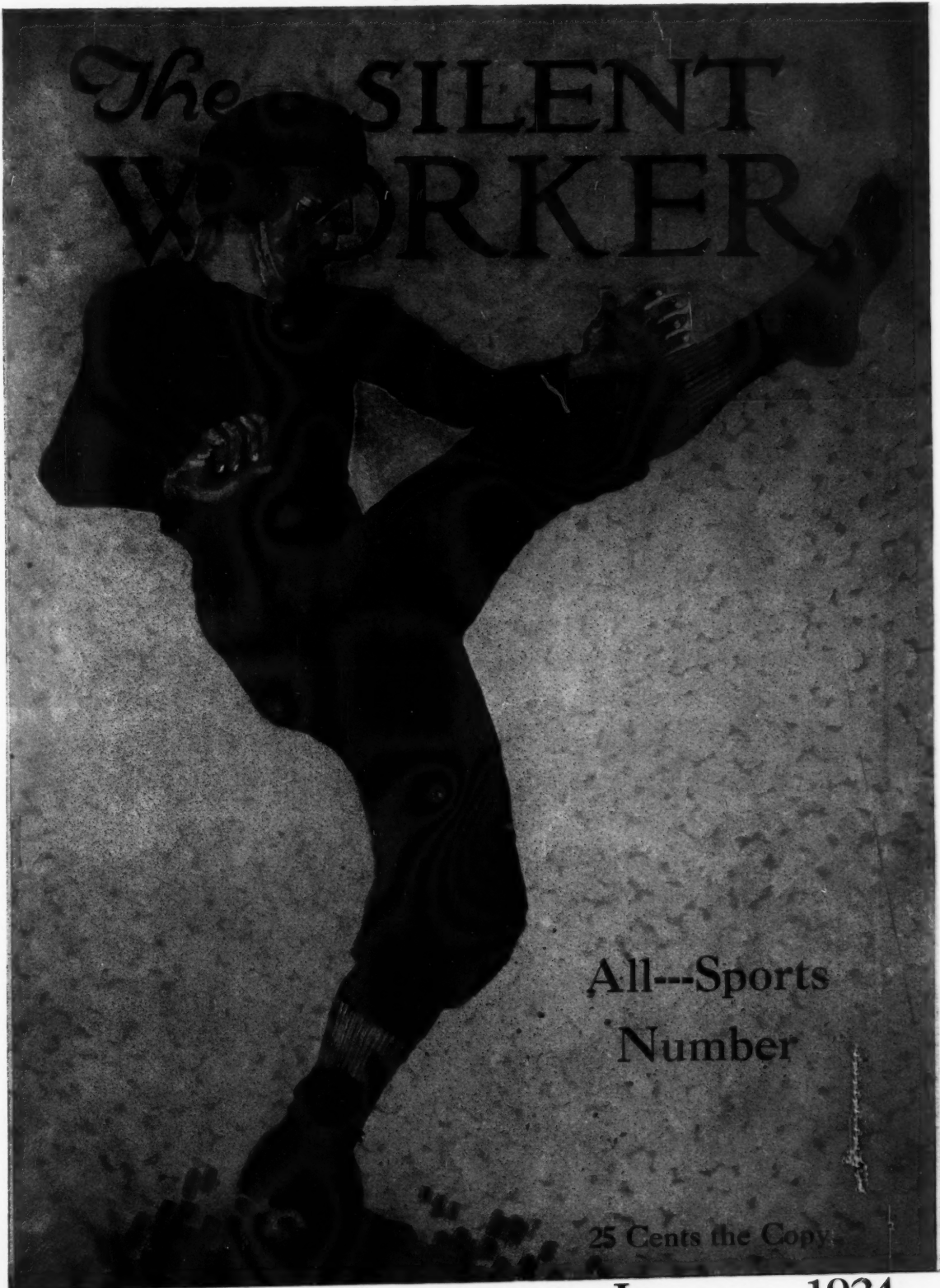


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All---Sports
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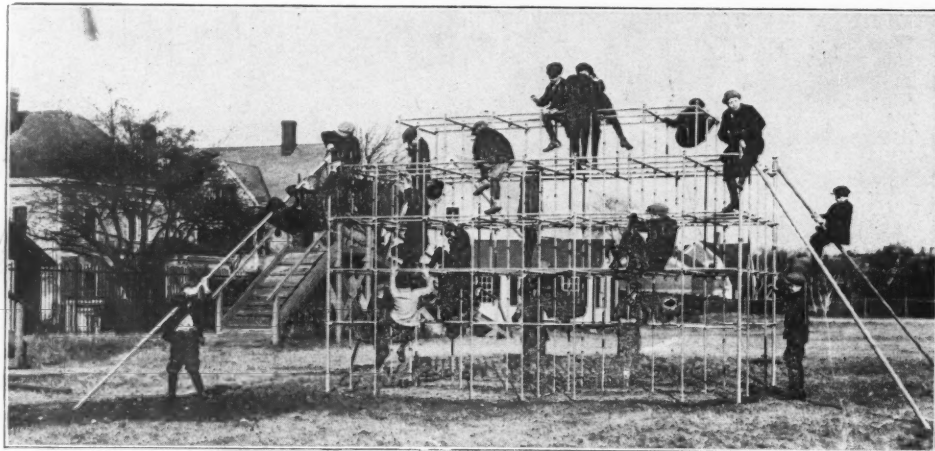
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January 1924

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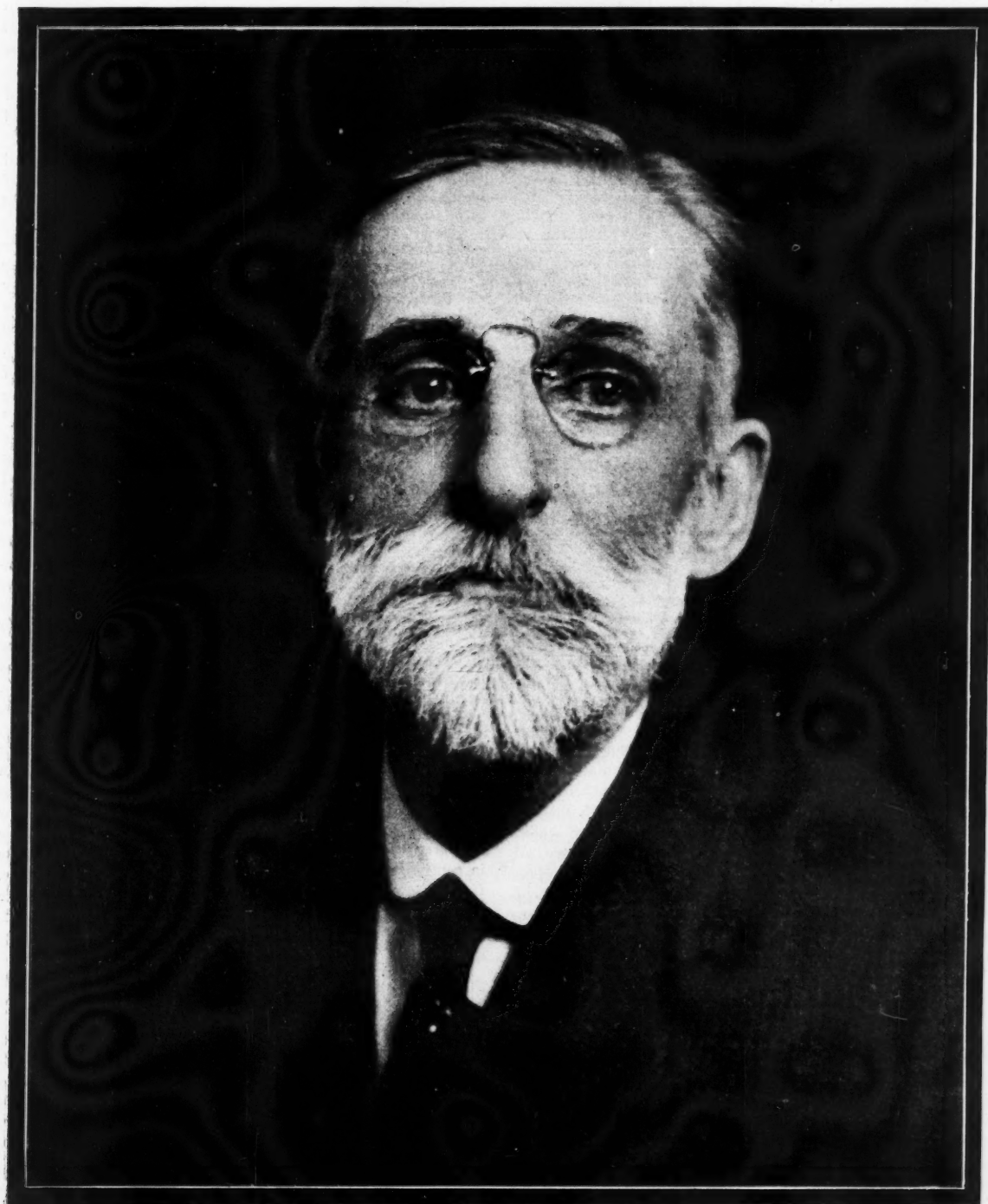
The Silent Worker

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English-Reading World

Volume 36, No. 4

Trenton, N. J., January, 1924

25 cents a Copy



JOHN BURTON HOTCKISS
The Greatest Sportsman Gallaudet Ever Had

LIFE'S MEDICINE

By THOMAS FRANCIS FOX



RECREATION has been called the medicine of life. It is an advantage which is welcome to all healthy, red-blooded people; to some it is one of life's principal attractions. And, indeed, periodical relaxation from the active toils of life bears the same importance to human existence as does light to the physical universe.

In popular recreations we are afforded an index of both national and individual character, for it is in our moments of relaxation that we are most apt to throw off all disguise and appear as ourselves. Consequently, in the amusements and recreations of a people we observe that there is usually interwoven some permanent element of the general feeling which survives after every other national peculiarity has worn itself out.

The minds of the young, modified by the forms of society, are pretty much the same in all countries, and there is found to be little variation in their ordinary pastimes. Still, widely different results follow from the manner in which the plays of childhood and youth are regulated and conducted. Where most sensibly supervised by those who have studied and have been specially trained for the purpose, the games and sports have an educational element productive of untold good. Positive results in education must necessarily include the improvement both of the mental and physical standard, and in demanding scholarship qualification in sports, we accomplish this object in the most equitable manner.

Passing from the general to the particular, it is evident that the modern educational system wisely provides for physical as well as mental training. This is a very material point in connection with the full instruction of the deaf. Children who lose their hearing are usually the victims of some disease which has deprived them of an important sense, so that their physical, no less than their mental systems, demand the careful oversight of competent health-builders. Here is where the exercises of the gymnasium, with the ball and track fields, serve a most useful purpose in our schools for the deaf. As a part of the physical training they are requirements demanded as a necessary adjunct to the classroom intellectual instruction. This holds true of all schools of higher grade, where athletic training forms a part of the regular curriculum, having its assigned place and periods in the general routine of the school.

We witness most admirable consequences following from such a system, one of which is particularly worthy of mention. Of late years it has come to be the general rule that candidates for selection on college and school teams are restricted to those students who maintain a certain rank in studies; the existence of such eligibility requirements, and the attendant success of the system points not only to the desirability but to the possibility of having colleges and schools represented in sports by the best specimens of mental and physical culture. It has done away with the idea that brute strength alone suffices to win out in bodily exercises. The value of this requirement of a scholastic standard has been verified, by the splendid form shown by rowing crews, football, baseball, and basketball teams; it is a standing



THOMAS F. FOX

proof of the importance of the sensible and careful training given, inculcating the formation of healthy habits that are a permanent benefit. Nor is all this confined to boys and youth, since the leading schools for girls now require a certain amount of physical training, and we see spirited contests between teams of girls in basketball, swimming, tennis and hockey.

In the interscholastic series of annual contests held by representative teams of the American, Trenton and Fanwood schools for the deaf, there has been shown commendable spirit of honorable competition and real sportsmanship. In the case of the Fanwood representatives, they hold their positions on the respective teams only as long as they maintain the scholastic standard, any deficiency in which deprives them of the privilege of

playing on a school team. This is a basic requisite, and competition for positions on the teams has thus a marked effect upon the conduct and general standing of the pupils. We consider this as conclusive evidence of the value of requiring proper cooperation and coordination in mental and physical training in schools for the deaf.

The health-giving training afforded by careful athletic oversight not only improves the physical well-being, but moreover gives a wholesome growth to ethical qualities. It teaches self-control, a spirit of manliness and fair play; it trains one to lose a contest gracefully as well as to be a generous winner—putting aside the baser qualities which are too apt to appear in the heat of a spirited contest. It is one thing to be a good winner when fortune smiles, but to be a good loser in a hard-fought game of any kind is infinitely harder. To be trained so as to put all that we have into a contest, and winning to take it with quiet exultation, or if we lose, to take our loss in the same temper, while allowing credit to our opponents,—that is something worth mastering. In fact, whatever tends to implant in us a generous spirit that acknowledges superiority in an opponent, and gives honor and credit when it is due, is an ethical influence that is to be treasured; it is an influence such as this that is noticeable in contests of trained teams that seek to win on merit alone. If athletic training and games had no other virtue, this alone would make them something not to be lightly overlooked.



MR. AND MRS. HARRY A. GILLEN at Washington, D. C.

THE DEAF IN ATHLETICS

By JAMES F. BRADY



IN INDUSTRIAL LIFE and social periods we deaf people are reminded consciously or otherwise of our handicap and we are "different" from others, but in sports—well, that is another matter. There we are all right.

It has been commented upon that when one player of the team is a deaf-mute—be it baseball, football, or basketball—he is invariably the star.

Why should it cause wonder and surprise? We are built the same as any member of the genus homo family and the loss of the sense of hearing in no way deprives us of the ability to shine anywhere and it does not make us helpless.

Why have there been so few professional ball players of the American and National League calibre—Hoy and Taylor and Stephenson as instances? Simply for a mathematical reason. There may be 300 players in the league out of a male population of 30,000,000, to choose from. The deaf population is a drop in the bucket in comparison. No reason to be ashamed that we have no more "famous" players, or boxers.

Are the deaf game and can they fight till knocked out cold?

I have witnessed University and College football games and been thrilled in reading hair-raising accounts of famous battles in the world's history hand-to-hand encounters between the Plainsmen and Indians in the Western frontier, of Hector and Achilles in death grapple on the plains of Troy, of Jesse James, Kid Carter and King Brady "speaking" with their guns from the hip, of Tom Brown at Oxford—and a host of others, but the greatest thrill of them all and one that impressed itself on my being occurred at a football game between P. I. D. and Schissler Business College two decades ago.

The Mt. Airy boys weighed around 140 pounds and all were below twenty-one years of age, while the other side was composed of "students" (?) who could easily average 160 pounds of brawn and muscle and roughneckitis. The game raged fiercely and to the surprise of all the other side could not make a touchdown. It was a wonder the Mt. Airy boys were not smashed to pieces. The end of the first period found the deaf boys bleeding and tired out, but they were game when the second period opened. Back and forth the ball was carried till a few minutes before the final whistle when the College boys brought out their battering ram in the persons of two giant tackles. Forming a wedge they ploughed through tackles and foot by foot they carried the ball to within five feet of the goal posts. Calling off numbers, formation of tandem, ball shot to full back, plunge. Bodies meeting bodies,



JAMES F. BRADY

causing a shiver. Referee announcing second down, four feet. Line up. Calling off number. Tandem formation. Ball shot to full back. Another plunge through other tackle. Impact was awful. Deaf boys plainly weak and wobbly. College boys mad as hades. Referee announcing third down and half an inch. Some statistical bug claimed that 300 pins are lost a minute every day. If one of those pins had dropped near the football field we deaf people would have imagined some one dropped a ton of rock then. Line up. Calling off numbers. Ball shot to full back and the ramming again. Like a stone wall the Mt. Airy boys stood—every ounce and every effort utilized. The full back, with murder in his face, worked like a Trojan, aided by his other burly interference, keeping on his feet and ramming and ramming. At last he fell, buried under an avalanche of mad, wriggling, scratching, punching and biting and pulling savages. Referee jumped into the fray and extracted the men. Right where the ball had been the oval was, in the arm of the full back and the full back's neck was held like a vice in the grip of Stan Cosmitski—the hero

of the hour. Referee declared four downs and Mt. Airy's ball and the whistle blew ending the game. Then pandemonium broke loose and there was a riot.

Twenty years later at Verdun were born the immortal words "They shall not pass."

Friends, do you not think the game was an epic in the annals of the Mt. Airy School?

In 1905 the School was invited to participate in the University of Pennsylvania Relay Races and before placing us the officials asked for a list of schools we engaged in games with. The list was composed of strong preparatory schools and academies and accordingly we were placed with them. When we lined up for the 440-yard relay we discovered ourselves pitted against big boys. Big boys, mean big strides—but we were game and stuck it out and came fourth at the tape. Not bad, but unfair to us. We could not compete against naturally fast legs. Later on the school was placed in its own class and has been carrying off honors.

Years later, I witnessed a game of baseball between two semi-professional hearing teams and a deaf-mute was pitcher for one. Score was a tie up to ninth inning when three men were on bases. The moment was tense, the pitcher pale but cool. Strike one, strike two, strike three. One out. Ball. Strike one, two, three. Two out, three on bases. "Casey" at bat. Strike one, foul, ball, strike two, foul, foul, ball. The suspense was awful. The spectators wildly gesticulating and waving arms. The deaf pitcher cool exemplifying the cute hero on the

sinking ship "whence all but me had fled," "Casey" swinging his bat. Ball thrown and thud—far, far away the spheroid wended its way—a home run!

I wish I could state that "Casey" struck out and the deaf pitcher was a hero, but facts are facts, and sad to relate our friend was given the razzberry and the mitten. All he said was "Damn" in a way peculiar to us—forming the letter "d" and moving hand in a straight line in front accompanied by a wry face.

At another time a young deaf-mute asked me to act as his manager and secure boxing bouts for him. Took him to a manager friend, but the manager refused to stage him, claiming he was too young and besides boxing was too brutal for such as he. Went to another one who had diametrically opposite ideas and pitted him against a pug with cauliflower ears and a mean look. Stripped he looked like a gladiator—muscles bulging all over, thick neck, broad shoulders. Our boy was a "child" in comparison. I felt guilty of an error in allowing him to fight such a cave man and if any murder occurred I would be *particeps criminis*, and accordingly pleaded with him to change his mind. But despite it all the deaf youngster was unafraid. Bout started and in a few minutes our boy was bleeding and groggy. Second round opened and "Deafy" bit the dust several times, but he was game. Third round was a repetition and the referee stopped the bout to save him. But the spectators knew a game one and they cheered for him. If he had fought in his class—much virtue in "if"—and it is all history and I am glad the bout stopped as it did.

On another occasion I witnessed a boxing bout between a thick-set deaf-mute and a hearing boxer of the same build. It was a real humdinger while it lasted. One hit the mat, then the other and for four sanguine rounds we got our money's worth of thrills. A wild swing on the part of the hearing man caught the "Dummy" in midriff and the spectators were treated to the most harrowing, spine-teasing, and nerve-ringing sounds emitting from the throat of our friend who momentarily swayed as if looking for a pillow to fall on and obeying the urge of gravity he fell face downward, not without emitting another haunting series of sounds. I being deaf could not hear the gurglings, but a newspaper account of the affair made much of the side line, and Irish that I am, I laughed and appreciated the humor of it. All that the deaf boxer said upon regaining his senses was—see what the deaf pitcher said—only with more emphasis and a more distorted face.

I was only giving a few incidents to show the stuff most of the deaf boys are composed of—game to the core and unafraid.

It is said of English soldiers, statesmen, financiers and other leaders, that they learned to fight at Oxford and Eaton, and on the same principle it can be said that school boys prepare for the battle of life on the school athletic field. Honor, square deal, straight backbone, perseverance and never-say-die spirit are acquired there. It is there that great deeds occur that make one's name live long in the school annals and it is almost a truism to say that when a person makes a reputation on the athletic field he will make a record or be of some account in the outside world.

Sports are necessary in schools. They afford a change from school and shop routine. Too much work and no play makes Jack peevish. Athletics keeps one in good physical trim.

Those of us who are past the active sporting proclivities can at least enjoy watching others and it helps to discharge excess steam. From my experience with deaf athletics I am sure that weight for weight, height for height, and equal mental nimbleness, they are as good as the best—only they have to fight prejudice and to be among the big guns they have to be superhuman.

She is An All-round Athlete



MISS EMMA SANDBERG

Miss Emma Sandberg, a pretty blue-eyed blonde, hails from Denver, Colorado; was educated in the Colorado State School for the Deaf. She entered Gallaudet in 1920 and is now a Junior. She is one of Gallaudet's all-round-athletes. She did much to win the silver cup that the class of '25 has won. For three years her class has stood first in the annual indoor meet and has broken many records. In the gymnasium, the swimming pool and on the basketball floor "Sandy," as she is called, leads all the girls. She is also a fast tennis player and did much to win for Gallaudet against the G. W. U. girls. "Sandy" is the best player on the basketball team. No other forward has ever equaled her.

Though Sandy appears somewhat of a "tomboy" when engaged in athletics, she is a sweet little lady when in society and a stranger would never think she could even lift an indian club. F.



MR. AND MRS. GILEN, two intrepid New Yorkers climbing Stone Mountain, at Atlanta, Ga., on all fours. Mr. Lux seems to be ahead of Mrs. Gilen in the race to reach the top.

J. COOKE HOWARD

By GOSH

BACK in the early nineties there entered Gallaudet a tall slim backwoods lad weighing around 120 whose only claim to distinction was his long crooked nose. When Prof. Craig, M.M., started his round of collecting trunk drayage fees from the "Rats," this lad was asked to sign his name to a receipt so that his trunk would be delivered properly. He humbly did so, and it read J. C. Howard, a signature which today has a million dollar look. Nevertheless he claims this first signature gave him his start.

J. C. Howard entered Gallaudet with absolutely no football experience. Football then was not what she now is. There was no regular training and practicing such as is now indulged in. Gallaudet really had no organized team. If ever a "challenge" from the Naval Cadets or from Georgetown was received, the captain would go about the college and recruit a team. If a fellow wished to spend the afternoon with his best girl he would beg off and the captain would simply say, "All right," and go and get somebody else. They would get an eleven together and wipe up the earth with either the Cadets or Georgetown. The padded garments and the harness they use today were never thought of. Their only shock-absorbing equipment were shaggy growths of beards and whiskers. The clash between two teams in those days resembled a rumpus between members of the House of David and some Bolsheviks. Howard's first football togs consisted of a plain pair of canvas knee breeches without a stitch of padding, a canvas jacket with horizontal stripes, a pair of cotton stockings and any old shoes he could use.

In spite of his lack of weight and inexperience he plunged into football but failed to make the first team until his Senior year. During that time he had increased his weight to 145. However, he had always been an out of doors boy and was as tough as whipcord and as hard as a keg of nails, so he did not suffer greatly from being the foot mat of the first eleven. The first eleven in those days was quite ponderous.

Denny Gallaudet at Guard weighed 230, Brown at Center 195, Robbins at Guard 200. Ely and Hall played the tackle positions and weighed about 185 each, while the ends were taken care of by Stewart and McIlvaine who weighed 165 and 175 respectively. Taylor was at Full with an avoirdupois of 200. He was a crack athlete and his broad buzzum was covered with gold medals for sprinting, hammer throwing, etcetra, as a member of the Columbia Athletic Club. Ryan

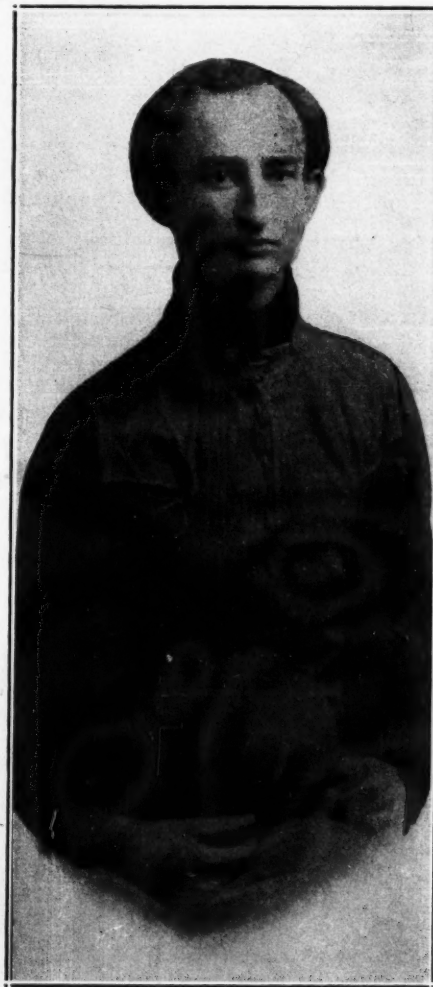
was at Half and he was a fast man rather short but heavy. Odom was at the other Half and was tall and fast. Hosterman played Quarter and has had few equals ever since.

In his Sophomore year Princeton happened to be playing a game in Washington and Jay Cooke went to see the game. They had just introduced interference and he was very careful to watch and learn how it was executed. The next day he appeared on the football field and tried to tell the boys how it was done. But the old players looked with suspicion upon a Soph who wanted to "coach" them. Finally some one suggested that they might see what he had to tell

them and that it would hurt nobody. He explained the "interference" and they took it up at once. The next Saturday they had a game with the Howards of Alexandria and swamped them to the tune of 56 to 0. Interference was new.

In his Junior year he was elected manager of the team and introduced regular, constant, and HARD training. He tried to get the teams to work together and to be sportsmen and to play a hard clean game. The Howard Trophy is symbolic of what he strove for. He insisted upon instant obedience and no talking; strict attention to business and the nose on the ball.

Jay Cooke was elected Captain of the team during his Senior year. Gallaudet had very scant material for the team then and by the end of the season the boys were pretty well battered up. Their last game was with Fanwood on the Polo Grounds in New York City, and in spite of the fact that they were mostly held together by bandages and adhesive tape, they won their game. The Right Reverend Franklin C. Smielau was in the center. Dudley and Cussack were the tackles and Grimm and Williams ends. Howard was quarter, Cowan and Rosson halves and Price fullback. It was not a heavy team, but well drilled and fast. It lost but two games that season. One was to Georgetown University, 16 to 0, and the other to Columbia Athletic Club, 18 to 0. Both of these teams were heavy and simply crushed Gal-

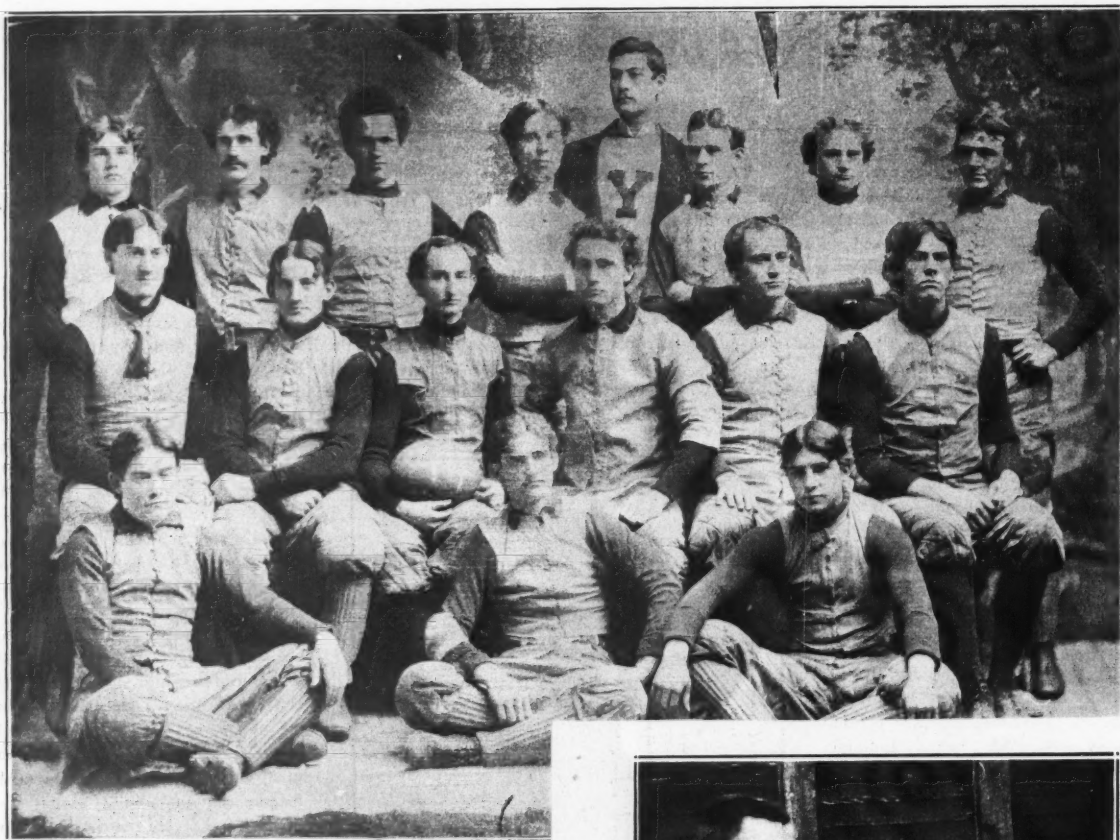


JAY COOKE HOWARD

laudet.

Howard played against many great football players, a few of which were Phil King and Poe of Princeton and Butterworth of Yale. They were great names in football in those days. On one occasion he had the honor of having his entire jersey torn off his back by one of these men.

We are printing a picture of him which has to do with athletics but not with football. It may shock some people to see



Top Row—Bowen, Cusack, Rosson, Roth, Ely, coach, Cowan, Probst, Price. Middle Row—Brockhagen, Smileau, Howard, capt., Drought, Grinn, Dudley. Bottom Row—Williams, Hubbard, Warren.

head. The public is more accustomed to a bare head and clothes on his body. Anyway he was really some boxer in those days. His great and only drawback was that he had and still has such a long nose which gave his opponent undue advantage.

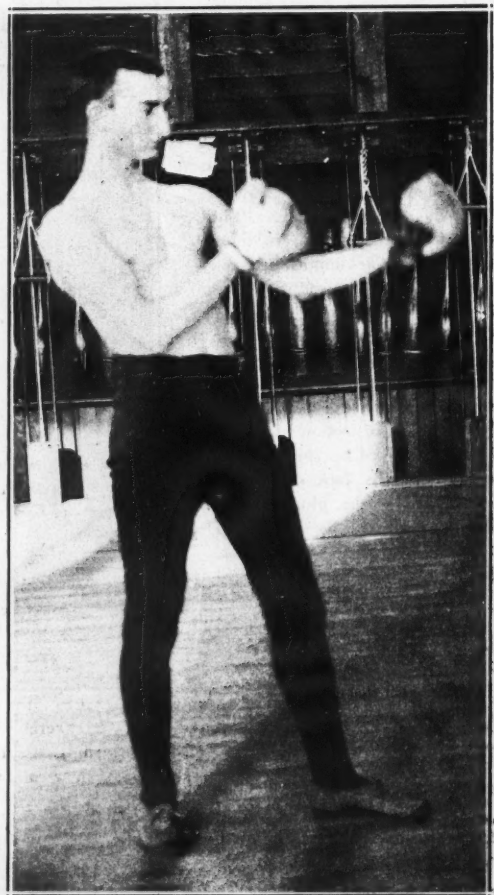
Jay Cooke has this to say of his teammates:

"The men who played under me as Captain were always my friends and remained my friends after leaving college and are my friends today. I have drifted into N.A.D. politics to an extent, and the boys have always been with me. On one occasion at a N.A.D. convention, I was threatened with physical violence by a man in his cups. I was not worried but what filled my heart with joy was that, before hostilities could commence, two of my old football players developed into whooping big men, stepped to my side, one on each side of me. They did not say a word, but all talk of knocking my bald head off ceased suddenly."

Howard played through the period of mass formations, flying wedges, etc. He was banged up more or less and the fine Roman nose he sports was smashed on several occasions, but always bravely came back a little enlarged.

After leaving college he coached the Duluth Central football team and turned out a winner after the team had been crushed year after year. He was pretty well thought of by the school kids of Duluth then and now they sometimes offer him business for old time's sake.

Mexico City now has three country clubs, in addition to numerous tennis, football, riding, baseball, rowing and polo clubs



J. C. Howard in one of his characteristic college-day poses. We prefer him bald—and with a shirt on.

Isn't Hoy Right?

By WILLIAM E. HOY



HY is it that there is no mute on any of the big league baseball teams now-a-days? That is a query often seen issuing from the fingertips of many an ardent mute fan.

The reason is very simple, viz: lack of nerve on the part of the aspirant. By nerve, I mean the kind that is fortified with tact, common sense and genuine ability.

It is not enough that the deaf candidate for baseball honors has the necessary ability in batting, base running and fielding—he assuredly must have nerve and the courage to apply, unaided, to the manager for a trial, and still more nerve to face, unafraid, the speediest pitching by the best moundmen.

He must use tact and diplomacy when negotiating for terms, and he must so conduct respect of his team mates on as well as off the field.

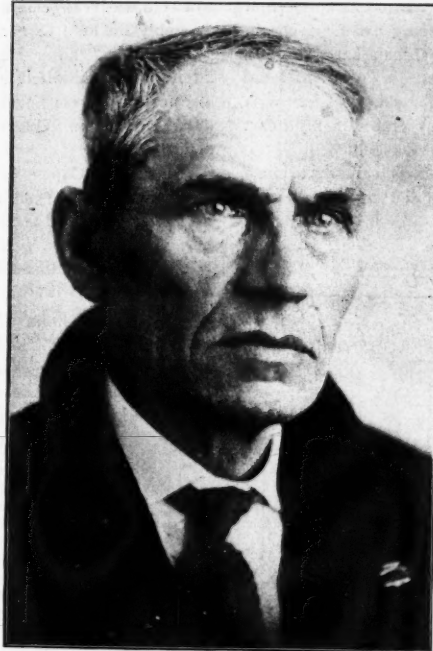
Assuming that the aspirant is a free agent: that is to say, not tied down by contract nor by the reserve rule of organized baseball, he will bring his judgment into play by first applying in person (never by mail) to that particular manager who is known to be broadminded and unprejudiced toward the deaf. In choosing the minor league with which this particular manager is connected he should pick out the one that is subject to the draft rule so that when he attracts the favorable attention of the majors, they can draft him at the draft-rule price.

His deafness is such a heavy handicap, at least in the eyes of his manager and his team-mates, that he is obliged to demonstrate in every play he makes that he has superior judgment, wonderful observation and quick wit in order to overcome their natural aversion at having a deaf player hold an important position on the team.

Further, he must never bump into a player at any time. Such a thing will start a clique against him and ruin his chances of success. He should make a point to keep his eyes on the ball and be an adroit dodger simultaneously.

Nothing gets the "goat" of a team-mate quicker than that of a deaf player colliding with him when in the act of catching a fly ball and thus cause an error and perhaps a physical injury. Above all, he should be scrupulously careful that he does not make a "bone" play, such as returning the ball to the wrong base, or running the bases in such a manner as to leave an opening for the opposing players to make a "monkey" of him. A "bone" play and an error are as different as night is from day. The latter is excusable and will be overlooked but the former will never be tolerated, particularly in a mute.

A certain big league manager once told me he did not care a picayune how densely deaf a person was so long as he



WILLIAM E. HOY

could play better baseball than the players he already had—he would keep him on his team to win games.

I feel positive that there are quite a number of mutes scattered about in various sections of the country who possess genuine all around ability in every department of the game. That they are not in the big league now is because they lack the necessary nerve to go forward as outlined above, or they fail to cultivate other essential qualifications besides that of real ability.

If some wealthy sportsman with plenty of ready cash wishes to earn everlasting fame and have a lively time he would only have to take a franchise as a gift in a newly organized league, approximately Ontario league and back a team composed exclusively of high-class mute players gathered from all points of the compass. Paid reasonable salaries and subjected to the same discipline as other league clubs, this mute

team could ultimately be welded into a powerful combination and cause the sporting public to set up and take notice.

All the best schools for the deaf are now employing deaf athletic directors. These directors are going to turn out many a good ball player. This can keep the proposed all-mute team always supplied with talent. It would not be long before some of these players would be drafted or sold into the big leagues. The deaf at large can recall with pride what a wonderful combination the Silent football eleven of Akron was back in 1920. The members of this eleven were all mutes. They hailed from all parts of the country, they having been attracted to Akron by the high wages then prevailing at Goodyear.

A team of mute baseball players with the winning spirit of this Goodyear football eleven would be a distinct novelty. The public seems to fall hard for novelties in all lines of sport these days, much to the financial benefit of the promoters.

While this dream of an all-mute baseball team will hardly come true in the immediate future there is room, nevertheless, for a mute or two in the big leagues right now. It only remains for them to come boldly forward and make a try.

GAMES FOR DEAF MUTES

Deaf-mute from twenty nations will hold their Olympic games in Paris next August, says the "Daily Express" correspondent. The French organizing committee has received assurance that there will be 400 participants in all branches of sport for prizes totalling more than 1,000 pounds, which include scholarships in schools for the deaf for the leading point winners. A novelty will be a speed contest in finger talking. Paris boasts of an entrant who is able to snap off 150 words a minute.—*Belfast Telegraph*, Oct. 17.

J. YOKO ON FOOTBALL

By REGINA OLSON

(From Buff and Blue of November, 1914)



O EDITOR "Buff and Blue," who no doubt find other duties much interfering with football. Dear Mr. : When college season arrive again, all papers make much inference to great national game, dib "Football." So I make decision with my mind to see one of which, and with joyfulness in my heart and my best necktie, I depart onward to Garlic field.

When I arrive there, I were met by a person with much absence of dignity and a blue sweater. To him I snagger pridefully.

"I wish to be acknowledged into Hon. Football," and he

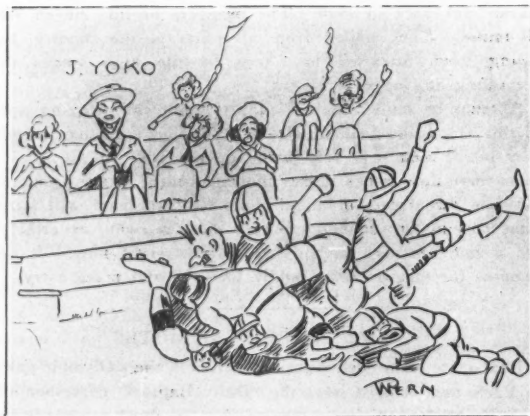


"Others object to his speed"

show me to a seat in grandstand, where I can sit with safeness and many co-eds.

"Football," he declaim, "are a game fought with one small pigskin and 22 large men."

While assimilating this wisdom with my brain, I see all footballists arrive upon field with much joyfulness to begin battle. I behold with interestedness preparations to fight. Fist they put upon their heads leather dishes so their brains



"All others fall on him to keep him from running away."

may not suffer dearrangements during fierceness of battle, Those dishes go securely over the ears so they may not hear when Hon. Umpire holla, "Stop!" Also they wear spiked shoes the better with which to jump on enemy.

These disarrangements being completed, they all make great assembly on field to hear advisements.

"Attention!" holla Hon. Captain like chunk of beef. Much attentionless exhibited on all sides. Hon. Cap. are not very big but he possess nerve like John D. Rockefeller possess Standard Oil. Hon. Quarterback possess more nerve and great determination.

"Men," sob Cap. "be able to say after game 'we have met enemy and they are not ours!' Put your trust in me and heaven, and we will lead you into temptation and great victory!" When he snib this, great cheers rise upward.

Then all footballists line up in and glare at each others with exceedingly ferociousness.

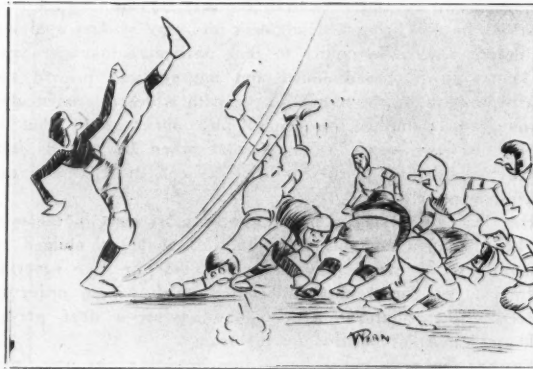
"All ready!" holla Umpire, or noise to which effect. One footballist grab ball and start down field with great glee, and much flip flop of elbows. Other footballists object to his speed and grab him by knees with much muscle. Then all others fall on him to keep him from running away. When he no longer have desire to run, they unpile their feet from off him. Then they do this thing all over once more again.

Below me on grandstand sit two college youths who sport gay green caps on head.

"Football are a noble game," dement one, "I shall always love it."

"Yes," renounce the other, "I love to scent the battle from afar. The farther the better."

At this moment Hon. member of Varsity with bright red hair make high kick, and sit with suddenness on earth. Much applause from all assembly. Then once again those footballists line up with much fierceness, and all 22 fall upon pigskin.



"Hon. Gentleman from Iowa Kick the football with much vigor and his foot."

Hon. Umpire rescue ball with difficulty and place it with safeness on ground. Enraged at such appearance of secureness, Hon. Gentleman from Iowa kick it with much vigor and his foot. It sail with great speed through atmosphere, and fall exhausted through goal posts. Howls of joy report back from Varsity.

"Raw! Raw! Raw!!!" dement crowd on grandstand with frenzy. I also think it raw, but in Japan it are considered great impoliteness to tell truth, so I keep still and say nothing.

On field battle proceed forward like before. Hon. reserves sit on bench and with fervency hope some member of Hon. Varsity will be put to temporary death with gentleness so that before said Reserve may have pleasure of demolishing enemy.

Meantime Hon. Umpire strive to be all wheres at once, and succeed in being nowhere at all.

"Time!" holla timekeeper with eyes on clock. All footballists look toward grandstand with much pridefulness.

"How noble!" snigger co-eds enthroned there.

"If this are football, what are war?" I require from my soul. No answer from footballists full of fatigue from sitting on enemy.

In seventh inning after footballists were insufficiently rested from attacks of co-eds eyes, they once again line up and glare fiendishly each at his opponent. After Varsity have kicked off, the unimportant enemy grasp ball and have intention of making complete touch up. But alas! that intention were not strong enough to live.

"False 7 to 37" howl brave quarterback, and all 22 men fall upon footballists with pigskin. For $3\frac{1}{2}$ minutes nothing is seen but much leg waving wildly.

"Time!" holla Hon. Timekeeper once again, with once more his eyes on the clock. He seems much attached to that clock. Amid whoops of great joyfulness and much dust, I clope from field, filled with great admiration for skelton framework of footballists who remain alive after 21 men fall on him with fierceness.

Hoping you are the same,

Your truly,
J. YOKO.

Frederick H. Hughes

By TED GRIFFING

"TEDDY" HUGHES has been Gallaudet's football mentor for many years, and the finished products of his labors speak well for his ability as a coach. Washington sport writers place him among the best in the east, and they are making no boners in so doing. Teddy is a coach. He knows football and how to drive a team.

At Gallaudet there are never more than seventy men students, and of these about thirty or so respond to the call



TEDDY HUGHES, GALLAUDET'S GREAT COACH

A Deaf-Mute Sculler



Photo by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.
DEAF-MUTE SCULLER WHO DEFEATED HOOVER IN DIAMOND SCULLS

Photo—just received from England—shows D. H. Gollan, of the Leander Club, who won the Henley trophy for which he had been silently struggling for four years, when Walter Hoover of Duluth, holder of the diamond sculls, hit a boom with his left oar.

for football candidates. That makes Teddy's a difficult task, for from the mere handful of candidates he must whip a team into shape than can hold its own with colleges boasting as many as two thousand students. Whew, you say. We thought you would.

But Teddy is a hustler, filled with about five feet five inches of ginger pep. His teams have always been noted for playing a hard, fighting game that keeps their opponents on their toes from one whistle to another. To him, football is a science. He studies it as faithfully as if he were preparing for an examination.

Gallaudet's teams have always showed a wide assortment of plays including line bucks, tackle plays, end runs, forward passes and all sorts of tricks. We have yet to see a team with as many plays as we have. And when the team gets behind these plays they are always good for gains.

There has always been several "wise" guys who venture the belief that Gallaudet does not need a coach! The belief has been argued on the Lyceum platform, but always a majority voted against the motion to be coachless. Recently our coach was called home to attend the funeral of his mother, then the team was without a real coach. And it was then that we discovered the true worth of a coach because the team went from bad to worse. And there were many who breathed a prayer of Thanksgiving when Coach Hughes returned. Next time any smart aleck wants to make such a tommyrot motion, we should call in our star punter for a few "placement kicks."

Nor is his ability limited to only football. He has coached our baseball and basketball teams with the same peppy spirit that has always characterized his work on the football field. In short, Teddy is a "triple threat" coach. Gallaudet considers herself fortunate to obtain his services.

Last summer he attended the school for coaches under the famous Gil Dobie and Zuppke and this year the team has showed marked improvement in all departments. The season just finished has been one of the most successful in many years despite the l'g'itness of the line. Much of the credit should go to Teddy for he instilled in the players a desire to play hard and clean.

Next year we will follow the fortunes of Gallaudet's eleven with no little interest because Teddy is already making plans for next year's team. That means a lot, too, to those who know Teddy from personal contact and experience.

Our hats are off to him. He is a great coach and a fair fighter. And what more could we wish?

ROLF KNOWLTON HARMSSEN

By J. FREDERICK MEAGHER

*"Not to the swift the race." They say
"Men and horses are one in flight—
Win tomorrow, and lose today."
Nothing's certain, alack-a-day!
Yet Rolf the Rover can wing his way
Swift as a flash of livid light.
His star of destiny leads, 'twould seem;
To a place on this year's Olympic Team*



OOD old Gallaudet has produced a dozen sterling speed merchants—such as Alva Long, Joe Bumgardner, Will Phelps, Art Hinch and Alpha Patterson, mostly ten-second men; but one outstanding, consistent 9 four-fifths second sprinter is Rolf Knowlton Harmsen, aged 19, whose meteoric rise last spring is unparalleled in silent circles.

As a "prep"—or first-year student—from North Dakota, Harmsen won every 100 yard dash he ran for Gallaudet last spring, each time in 9 four-fifths. His only flaw was a poor start. He endeavored to enter the National Intercollegiate championships on Stagg Field, here in Chicago, last June. The committee in charge ruled the one-year residence rule must apply to Harmsen's case, turning down my contention that Gallaudet—being a Government college with no hard and fast eligibility rules—might be permitted to compete regardless.

"Make hay while the sun shines," is a good motto, so I thereon persuaded the most successful millionaire athletic club in America to give Rolf a try-out. The Illinois A. C., in 1923, achieved the greatest record ever made in athletics by any club in the country by winning the national track and field and swimming championships the same year.

Meanwhile Rolf and three companions were somewhere on the road, traveling in a flivver from Washington to Chicago. The lads arrived the morning of the special I. A. C. games, and were hustled over to Stagg Field without even a shave, where Rolf donned a make-shift running outfit and competed after sleeping outdoors on the ground for a week, his leg-muscles still badly cramped from the long flivver trip. The "diamond medal medly" consisted of three races: 60, 100, and 150 yards respectively. Six of the best sprinters thereabouts competed against Rolf, who finished third in the opening race and fourth in the other races. The diamond medal was won by Albert Washington, national schoolboy champion of 1923; second, C. Coaffee, champion of Canada and their only semi-finalist in the last Olympic games; third, H. Jones, this year's Junior A. A. U. champion; fourth, Harmsen. Rolf's sterling performance against such men caught the eagle eye of the millionaires, and they gladly paid all his expenses (some \$150) to come and

carry the Illinois A. C. colors in the National A. A. U. games on Stagg Field around Labor Day.

Coach Johnnie Behr corrected Rolf's poor starting form; and from the way he was beating Albert Washington in practice before the meet, it was expected Rolf would prove the exception to the general rule that men—and race horses—who are trained to win in the spring, are generally beaten in the fall. The same principle applies to football teams—Yale and Harvard have been beaten early in the season by jerk-water colleges, since Yale and Harvard are trained to reach their maximum ability late in the season.

Rolf won his way into the semi-finals of both the 100 and 220 yard dashes in the Junior A. A. U. championships. He lost in his trial heats in both the Senior A. A. U. sprints the following day, which were both won by Murchison, the Olympic star.

During the two days, the fastest time any one made in the 100-dash was 10 one-fifths seconds.

"Then why didn't Rolf win," you naturally ask?

Because of a head-wind blowing up the track.

"But if it interfered with Rolf, it also interfered with the other sprinters," you rejoin.

Yes, and no. Rolf—180. lbs., six foot one, and strong as an ox, had more "sail area" for the wind to interfere with than short chunky cherubs like Murchison, or living toothpicks like Washington and Goodwille (the later did 9 seven-tenths in winning the national schoolboy championship last June, yet Rolf beat him handily in both races they ran together.)

Coming around the bend in the 220, Rolf led every time until reaching the homestretch where the wind began to face the men. Then he was "blown back." He failed to win any medals.

Although in practice before the games Rolf had been beating Albert Washington by a yard, this same skinny negro, carrying the University of Chicago colors,

finished second to Murchison in the finals to the Senior 100. In practice starts three days before the games Murchison and Rolf had been running neck and neck. "Your new man is pretty good," remarked "Murch" to his old trainer, Behr. And Murchison is the greatest rival of Charlie Paddock.

On form, therefore, Harmsen sizes up as the equal of any sprinter in the world. It did not happen to be his day, that is all. Even Man o' War once lost a horse race; while Zev lost twice last season.

That Rolf made good is evinced from the fact that Behr placed him on both the 440 and 880 yard relay teams in the third day of the games, and running with the wind behind him he made his opponents look like selling-platers. Hermansen, C. A. A.—second in Junior 100 and fourth in Senior 100—started from scratch with Rolf in one of these relays, and Harmsen beat Hermansen by three yards. Men and horses



Courtesy of Chicago-Herald Examiner.
ROLF KNOWLTON HARMSSEN

are alike—when evenly matched there is no sure thing.

Following the games, Behr impressed on Rolf the advisability of preparing to leave Gallaudet in the spring as soon as the American team to the Olympic games starts practice in Harvard stadium. From that you can draw your own conclusions. For since the Illinois A. C. won both Junior and Senior A. A. U. team championships, their coach certainly knows athletes.

Just a week after Gallaudet college reopened this past fall, Rolf, a member of the new fraternity, "Phi Alpha Sigma," was obliged to leave for a year, and went home. In football practice he had been punting some 50 yards, and with his speed and weight looked like one of the best gridiron bets since the days of Dewey Deer.

Personal history: Rolf Harmsen lost his hearing when $6\frac{1}{2}$;

caused by falling from a high chair and striking on his head. Had Infantile Paralysis; was a "weakling" and "walking queer." Gradually developed on the playground of the North Dakota State School at Devil's Lake. His hearing has been gradually improving, until now he can carry on an ordinary conversation if the speaker is not too far away. During the summers he works in his father's bank, the First State Bank of Hazen, North Dakota. Is of a clear-cut type, open-faced and engaging; talkative; Danish-American; very companionable; likes good times; not overly fond of study.

He is expected to re-enter Gallaudet next September. Will he re-enter as the first deaf man in history to hold a world's Olympic Games championship?

We anxiously wait for time to tell.

Basket-ball at the Mississippi School



MISSISSIPPI SCHOOL BASKET-BALL TEAM

LIKE all other progressive schools the Mississippi School at Jackson has its recreational features, thus varying the routine of school life.

The boys have their football, basket-ball and baseball teams. Games are played with High School teams. During the football season, just closed, the team has played a total of six games. Mr. James McVernon, a product of the Fanwood School, has been their coach the past two years, and Mr. James Nelson, of the Minnesota School, has been the manager.

The basket-ball team promises to show up well this time for

Coach McVernon has some fine material. A total of thirteen games has been arranged.

Besides the above, there are a number of playground paraphernalia in both the boys' and girls' playgrounds. Our children are kept outdoors as much as possible.

On Saturdays and Sundays both the boys and the girls are taken out for long walks or to town to do shopping.

Supt. Scott believes in athletics and always accompanies the team whenever a game is to be placed.

H. L. TRACY.

PLANS TRAINING SCHOOL

Because the minor leagues still price their untested stars at from \$50,000 to \$100,000 each, John A. Heydler, is in favor of originating a training school to prepare youngsters of undeveloped skill for service in the major, such as the government maintains at West Point and Annapolis to train officers for the army and navy.

SWIMMING LEADS

Swimming is the leading sport of the Hawaiian Islands, followed by tennis, golf, polo, football, basketball, volleyball, and baseball.

BEST SPORTING CENTRE

New York City is the greatest sporting centre in the world.

"I F"

By EDWARD S. FOLTZ



T WAS Thanksgiving afternoon in 1914. Out of the Georgetown University gymnasium and onto the adjacent gridiron trotted eleven determined football gladiators followed by an equal number of substitutes, each player clad in buff and blue. They represented a college that boasted of but sixty men students; the squad itself comprising one third of the student body; the remaining two-thirds occupied a small portion of the seats on the north side of the field. But the whole two-thirds was heart and soul for the then nationally known and equally famous college known to every football fan as Gallaudet College.

A few minutes later, out of the same gymnasium and onto the same gridiron proudly and confidentially strutted a football squad numbering some sixty—the total number of male students at Gallaudet. This squad represented the great Georgetown University team, which had, two weeks previously, played the United States Military Academy at West Point to a standstill. The score was 0-0. The Army in turn had trounced Yale 6-0. Consequently the Georgetown team was proud; it had reason to so be, and it was confident, yea, verily, for "Curly" Byrd, sporting editor of the Washington Evening Star and coach of the Maryland Agricultural College (now University of Maryland eleven) had stated in his columns in the Star that Georgetown should have no difficulty in rolling up some forty or more points against Gallaudet's zero. Evidently Byrd was peeved, for Gallaudet had the Saturday previous, met and walloped the everlasting daylight out of his pet Maryland Aggies, heralded as the champions of Maryland, to the tune of 23 to 0.

After the Gallaudet and Georgetown elevens had gone through the customary short signal practice and warm-up, Captain Freddie Murray and Captain "Folly" Foltz of Gallaudet were called to the middle of the field for a short conference with the officials, Bergin and Roper of Princeton and Church of Yale. Gallaudet won the toss and elected to defend the west goal.

Georgetown kicked off and Gallaudet made a substantial return of the ball and after a series of gains, was eventually forced to punt. Georgetown, aided by the big 200 pound tackle, Gormely, finally carried the ball across the goal line, but missed goal. Thereafter the teams battled on equal terms, Georgetown owing her ability to do so in the main to Petritz, her roving center. Without him Gallaudet would have won. This was the consensus of opinion after the game. Petritz alone stood between Gallaudet and victory. Time and again he brought down a Gallaudet man carrying the ball and headed for the goal. The half ended, Georgetown leading, 6 to 0.

Just as the whistle blew, ending the half, Cuscaden, Gallaudet's big right tackle, who out-played Ward, Georgetown's star,



E. S. FOLTZ

was injured and as he lay stretched full length on terra firma, Capt. Foltz went over to him and after restoring him to his senses, asked "You will continue to play, won't you?" "Sure," exploded Cussy, who was on his feet in a jiffy, catching up with the procession to the gymnasium for intermission. There in the "gym" was the great "Fritz" Crafts, Gallaudet's clever coach, with unlighted cigarette betwixt his lips. Once glance at him was enough. The Gallaudet team knew they were in for it even if they had fought as they had never fought before. After a few well-timed remarks to the team, Crafts wound up his little speech by telling the players that there still remained quite adjoining cemetery and that he a number of vacant lots in the would appreciate their efforts to make space on these lots become a premium.

At the opening of the second half, the Gallaudet boys appeared on the field the same daring and dashing bunch of individuals that had wrought havoc with inspiring eleven during the season just drawing to a close. The players, though facing tremendous odds, fought the gamut fight of their lives—they gave Gallaudet every ounce of strength in their young bodies. But Georgetown was the heavier, averaging some fifteen or so pounds more per man. A lucky forward pass netted Georgetown her final touchdown, and as the goal was missed, the score then stood 12 to 0 in favor of the Blue and Gray horde.

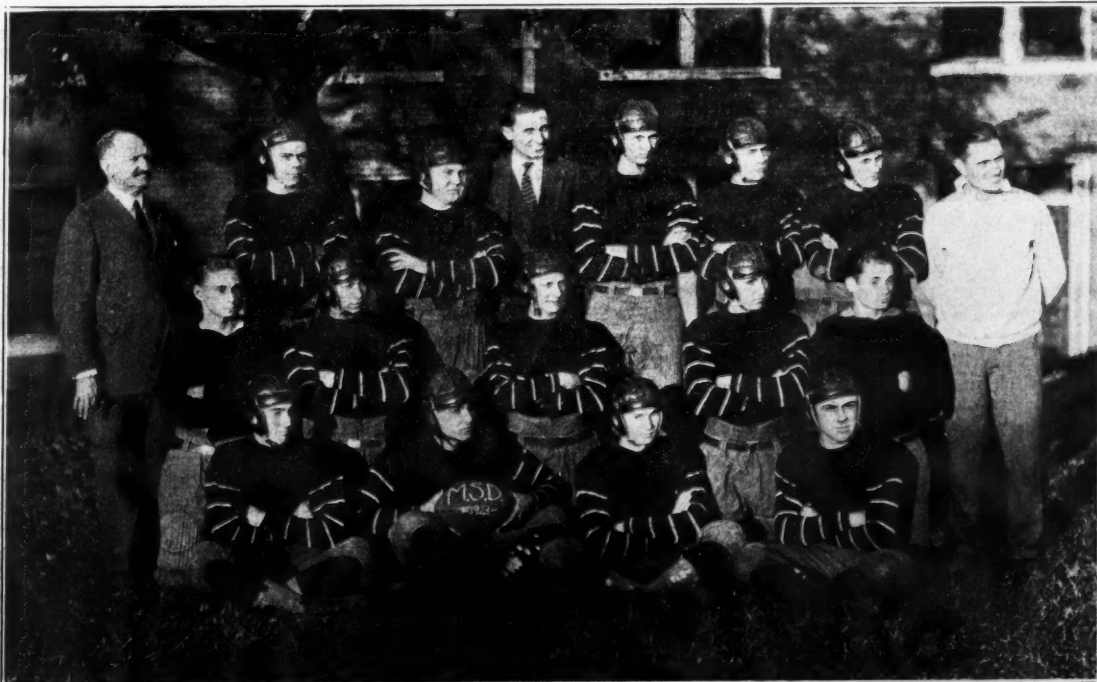
Gallaudet had not given up—far from it. She was determined more than ever to make up. Soon afterwards, Georgetown tried a line buck in the middle of the field and fumbled. "Hawk" Marshall, right end for Gallaudet grabbed the pigskin and like a Kansas jack rabbit, set out for the goal, fifty yards away, and reached it safely. Quarterback Moore added the extra point with his well-trained toe, the ball bisecting the goal posts as squarely and neatly as Dr. Draper had taught him to bisect two parallel lines in the classroom. The score then stood, Georgetown 12, Gallaudet 7. Gallaudet was fighting like demons just then. Following the next kickoff, Gallaudet soon secured possession of the ball. And then the battle cry was "On to victory." Steadily and surely, Gallaudet gained yard after yard; the veteran backfield composed of Keeley, Classen, Rendall, Rockwell and Moore ploughed through the Georgetown line time and again, ripping up holes bigger than had any other team which played Georgetown that season. Twenty-five yards separated Gallaudet from victory; the crowd went wild—the Georgetown supporters yelling for a check to the onward and unfaltering march of the Gallaudet eleven. Stimulating cheers floated across on the field from the Gallaudet crowd, spurring the Gallaudet team on and it responded nobly. The twenty-five yards dwindled to twenty, then to a mere fifteen. Pandemonium reigned supreme on the north side of the field where the Gallaudet rooters were waving their pennants and shaking the stands. "Hold them, hold them," begged the Georgetown crowd.



CAPTAIN FOLTZ'S GALLAUDET TEAM

Referre Ropers came over to Capt. Foltz, holding up two fingers an indication that but two minutes remained. Quarterback Moore saw this and in a desperate effort to make the remaining fifteen yards and thus turn defeat into victory, called for a forward pass. The crowd stood aghast. " $\frac{1}{4}$ F 25," snapped the brave and brainy little field general. The pass failed. " $\frac{1}{4}$ F R," again signalled Moore. The crowd held its breath. Again the pass failed by the narrowest of margins. " $\frac{1}{4}$ F 37," announced the fighting quarterback. It was the signal for a forward pass from Moore to Capt. Foltz on left end. The ball was snapped. Foltz got past the line of scrimmage

unmolested. The ball came directly towards him; it was a trifle too high. The crowd was spellbound. Reaching up and stretching himself the limit, the best Foltz could do was to just touch the ball with his finger tips and it passed across the goal line, a touchback. The time was up and Gallaudet had lost. "IF I was only an inch taller, or my arms an inch longer, victory would be ours," melancholily moaned Capt. Foltz to his life-long companion and roommate, Quarterback Moore, on the way to the dressing room. "Yes," responded Moore, "but I've learned to respect that darned little word 'IF' a lot more than I have heretofore."



MISSISSIPPI SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM

The Viewpoint of the Fan

By J. H. McFARLANE



WHENEVER the subject of sports is up for discussion, the old star has the floor. To his opinion the rest of us are won't to bow as to an oracle. The popular mandate is, "Keep still, boys, and let him do the talking," and modesty forbids our intruding our opinion on a subject on which he is taken as an authority. For example, we have eternally with us Walter Camp, who played something on the Yale eleven away back in the days of the fabled athletic giants, and such was his prowess with the pigskin that by virtue of his record he is regarded as America's mouthpiece when it comes to football. He picks the All-American teams for us, and nobody dare dispute his decisions in the matter.

Nor does the oracular prestige of the old star stop at sports. We are a nation of hero worshippers—the hero that has become enshrined in our national ideal, judging from the enthusiasm generated by our great athletic contests, being the primitive type with the biggest biceps, or the one who can swing the biggest club. And why shouldn't we harken to him in other matters than sport? It was just the other day that a prominent Briton in taking a few flings at our national foibles cited the instance of a notorious pugilist being seriously quoted in one of the leading New York dailies in regard to the desirability of a certain candidate for a high political office. Yes, the big "pugs" will soon be venting their opinion on such delicate subjects as chafing-dishes if the admiring public doesn't put the brakes on betimes in its sport-mad race.

But there are yet enough of us left who can "root" for the heroes of our favorite sport without losing our heads—who refuse to bow to mere brute strength. An instance of this was noted a few years ago in a court in New York City, that focus of athletic activity where everybody is expected to pay homage to the sporting stars. The judge had to deal with a prisoner who felt that, on account of his record as a fistic artist, he was entitled to more consideration than the general run of humanity that gets "run in." Being brought to the bench to answer to some such charge as speeding, the "chesty" prisoner was handed his sentence in the ordinary way, but came back at the judge with the indignant outburst, "Do you know who I am? I'm Gunboat Smith." But the protest was summarily squelched with: "I don't care if you're Battleship Mike; you pay that fine."

The old star of the sporting constellation is rightly regarded as an authority in his sphere but there is yet a greater authority, whom we might describe as the man behind the game—that is, the plain, everyday fan. Who is it that can tell you the record of any considerable player who has figured on any of the big teams in any season from the days of "Pop" Anson to the present time? Why, the fan, of course. If you want to know how many hits the unbeatable "Tyus" made, or how many "Alexander the Great" kept somebody else from making on a certain day of a certain season, or why Princeton failed to score on Yale the following "grid" season—ask the



J. H. McFARLANE

fan. Who gives the game, whatever name it goes by, both its inspiration and its financial backing? Again we must answer the fan. Without him the players might as well chase themselves around the block.

It is a well known fact in the sporting world that Manager John McGraw of the New York Giants is supreme exalted ruler in that realm represented by the Polo Grounds. What he says goes in his territory. It is related of him that before he became a magnate as well as a manager, one of the owners of the Giants communicated to the manager his wish in regard to a certain player of the club and got the curt reply from McGraw: "Tell him it won't be done." And they say it wasn't. But even the doughty Napoleon of the Diamond has to acknowledge some authority—that of the fan. When fandom speaks, he sits up and takes notice, for a baseball club, like an army, "travels on its stomach," and the rate at which it travels towards a pennant depends to a great extent on the size of the fan's

pocketbook. It may thus be deduced that the fan is a greater factor in the national game than the greatest of its managers—yes, greater than supreme arbiter Landis himself. Gentlemen, take off your hats to the fan, even though in doing so you seem to be patting yourselves on the back.

If by the foregoing it seems that the humble fan is put upon a pedestal—well, that is where he belongs in the realm of sport. From reports that have reached us it seems that the well known deaf sculptor, Douglas Tilden, regards as his masterpiece his statue entitled "The Tired Football Player." We can suggest even a greater subject for his skill, one that if rightly executed would bring him everlasting fame, and that is—THE FAN.

The sentiment of the true fan in favor of good, clean sport, albeit his views on the subject may seem superfluous at times, is on the whole sound and commendable. He may go wild at a game, yelling himself hoarse rooting for the home team, yet there is nothing fanatic about him when he appears in cold print. In his viewpoint, which takes in our games from every angle, sports are seen to be the safety valve of the nation. An outlet has to be provided for the superabundant feelings of a nation as a composite of individuals, and were there no sports for this purpose the people, as in ancient days, would have to resort to war or some other excess simply as a means of blowing off steam. We must have our national pastime or indulge to a more alarming degree in what to some is the great American game—that of "grab," or looking after number one. Before our modern games we had those of the barbarians, which finally took a less brutal form in the tournament. Football as we know it has itself passed through the refining influence of the criticism of fandom until from what was once dubbed a brutal sport it has evolved into a very respectable "open" pastime that affords as many as eighty thousand "rooters" a chance to exercise their vocal organs unrestrained at one game.

It must be admitted, at the same time, that there are fans whose enthusiasm runs away with them even outside the heat

of the game. Their bad breaks in sprint are, however, overruled by saner enthusiasts just as are the outbursts of a lone fan who stands up in the wrong inning thereby obstructing the view of the other occupants of the bleachers. An example of this superfluous enthusiasm was recently seen in the claim of a voluble fan that all the pet epithets of the diamond could be found in the Bible—or another who traced them all to Shakespeare, which meant practically the same thing, since Shakespeare borrowed so freely from Holy Writ.

But while no sport worthy of the name needs bolstering up of that sort, it is worth while to note that divine approval is unmistakably put upon the sporting instinct that is born into every red-blooded individual. Nature is infected with the spirit of play, and this reflects the mind of the Almighty in regard to healthful recreation. And that sport of the right sort is immortal may be inferred from the prophecy of the inspired Zechariah (chapter 8:5) concerning the new Jerusalem, which reads: "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing" * * * The Indian's dream of a happy hunting ground after death may be a little wild, but it points in the direction of the truth that the Giver of all good, which includes play as well as work, will not permit the destruction of so useful a force as that which manifests itself in our popular games.

Sports are at their best when played merely for the love of the game. The teams of the smaller schools and colleges, which have to struggle to make their expenses, put up the best exhibitions of real sport. There is no such fine spirit displayed where great sums of money are involved. Give us the baseball game in the school diamond, where the players sweat merely for the glory of their colors rather than the pompous exhibition in the great stadium, where the players by comparison act like a lot of puppets.

But the participant in inter-school or inter-collegiate games gets more out of them than a bit of transient honor or the satisfaction of having upheld the name of his institution. There is no better moral training for the battle of life than that of having a part in putting a football over the goal line against tremendous odds. The impression thus gained will last through life and enable the player later on to push to the front in the face of difficulties that might have baffled him had his nerve not been tempered by athletic training. And not only does the player benefit thus from the game but the on-lookers as well catch the spirit of every fine play and are invigorated spiritually thereby.

Beyond the campus gate
One charged the team-like line of frowning Fate,
In that great after-college game
Where gridiron stars, once pets of fame,
Must pay her toll;
And to his colors playing true,
The deed-inspiring Buff and Blue,
He showed in his heroic sweat
The spirit of Old Gallaudet
And won his goal.

The fan as he is pictured in our mind is simply an ideal type, like the mythical average man. But there are a good many sport lovers in the writer's part of the country who, if they were asked to name a deaf person who comes nearest to this ideal, would at once reply with a glowing introduction (if any were needed) to Mr. W. S. Johnson, Gallaudet, ex-'75, of Talladega, Alabama. Mr. Johnson is a fan in the best sense of the word—a typical southern sportsman, which leaves little more to be said in the way of complimentary mention. His record is worthy of a page or two of this issue of the WORKER if for no other reason than that it sets before the reader an example that cannot but prove inspiring. He was given a write-up in this magazine some years ago (Volume of 1912) on the occasion of the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of his connection with the boys' athletic association of the

Alabama School in the capacity of coach, manager and all around booster. He started athletics in the Georgia School before coming to Alabama.

During his long career as an enthusiastic fan, Mr. Johnson has been interested in all kinds of wholesome sports, but in his playing days the only game he could indulge in (simply because our modern games had not been introduced at that early period) was baseball. He played on the Gallaudet baseball club with the late Dr. Hotchkiss as early as 1868-69, while the latter was still a student. According to our southern fan, who leaves it to some other old-timer to tell about the part he himself played in the games of those days, Hotchkiss was the best amateur shortstop he ever saw—one who covered his position in errorless fashion, and he didn't have any glove to stop the hot ones, either. Many are the stories of the good old days our grandfatherly friend can tell a fascinated group of fans of the younger generation—and in listening to them one cannot but be impressed with the superior nerve of those who participated in the national game when it was in its infancy. Without glove or mask the "backstop," and every other player as well, who got in the way of a fast ball to be made of heroic stuff.

As long as his eyesight was good, Mr. Johnson kept up his reputation as a crack shot with a gun or a rifle. For years he was a member of a local rifle club, and it was doubtless largely through his unfailing aim that it was enabled to carry off numerous trophies. But he loved best to test his prowess as a marksman by bringing down the many kinds of game that used to abound in the vicinity of the Alabama School. On his hunting trips with his friends he always took the lead, and when every other member of the party had failed in taking a shot at some elusive denizen of the woods, he loved to show them how by getting it with a single load. One of his admiring friends has told of his bringing down a squirrel that way at a distance of about fifty yards.

It is the sentiment of the true fan that everybody should play some game, yes, every game that is worth while—in spirit if not physically. For the fan gets into every game himself, even though he is only on the side lines. He plays as hard as any one on the struggling, straining, perspiring team—in imagination.

MISSOURI TAKES UP POLO

The University of Missouri is the first of the big schools in the Middle West to take up polo as a college sport.

RECORD FOR SPEAKER

Tris Speaker holds the major league record for two-base hits. He cracked out 57 this season.



ST. LOUIS GALLAUDET (DAY) SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM
Left to right—Arthur Merklin, Oliver Lanfersieck, Glenn Gallagher,
Richard Lickf—¹⁻⁴ Alan Bowler.

In the Days of Real Sport

By J. SCHUYLER LONG



WHEN I went to Gallaudet (then "The National Deaf-mute College") in 1884 I had never seen a real football game. A football, as we knew it, was an object to be kicked from goal to goal. I have forgotten just how we kept the score, but no one ever thought of holding the ball and running with it. That was in the West. In the East colleges had taken up the game and intercollegiate games were becoming frequent. Naturally, Gallaudet fell into line.

The game as then played differed very little from the game as we have it now. Changes in the rules notably that legalizing the forward pass—have modified the systems of play and introduced new features, but essentially it is the same game.

Presumably the changes in the rules were intended to reduce the hazard and make for the open play thereby conducing to the safety of the players. But I can see no improvement in this respect.

Even with all the modern equipment it seems to me we hear more frequently of serious and fatal accidents now than in those days. Possibly this is because the game is more widespread and newspapers give more space to athletic features now than then.

I had not been long at college before I had a vivid impression of the realities of the game. One of the players came home from Baltimore with his face in a beautiful condition of mutilation with most of his front teeth knocked out. The hero who was thus decorated for valor on the field was Robert S. Lyons, a student from Ireland. How far he and his English training influenced the introduction of football at Gallaudet I knew not. But he certainly took a leading part in its activities.

Lyons and Francis Maginn who came a year or so later and entered college at the time I did, came over to fit themselves for church work among the Deaf in the United Kingdom. They were fine fellows, but unfortunately Lyons took ill with typhoid fever the following spring and died soon after returning to Ireland, thus cut off from a promising life of usefulness. Maginn spent three years at college, returned and took up his life work and for thirty years labored among his people, greatly beloved and honored and dying at last a martyr to his work.

Other members of this team, which was the first I remember Gallaudet ever had, were Olof Hanson now of Seattle; William Brookmire (a fast runner); Albert Berg, of Indiana; S. G. Davidson, of Pennsylvania; A. F. Adams, of Washington; Thomas Lynch, of Illinois; Dr. J. H. Cloud, of St. Louis; and Dr. P. J. Hasenstab, of Chicago. I cannot recall the others.

A year or two later some fast runners appeared at college—Frank Leitner, of Pittsburg; Hugh K. Bush, of Missouri (Now in Virginia, I think); Harry Marsh, of Texas all whom played half back and several others. John W. Barrett, of Los Angeles, played center; Charles Hemstreet, of Chicago, and Lawrence James, of Los Angeles, played tackles. On the line were Thomas Hagerty, of Wisconsin; H. C. Harah, of Pennsylvania; W. H. Zorn, of Ohio; Morton Stover, of Maine; Benjamin Round, of Wisconsin; with one from the Kendall School, whose names I can not recall. I played the position of quarter.

Edward P. Cleary, of Illinois, was manager and the late Dr. Hotchkiss was coach. Every day he was out on Garlic Field giving the boys intensive training and teaching them a lot of tricks. He made a trip to Philadelphia to see a game played by two of the leading colleges and brought back a bag of their best plays. We heard a good deal of the "flying wedge" then and the team had it down to mechanical precision.

In a game with the cadets at Annapolis Academy we had

it all over them and won by the score of 16 to 0. One of the officers of the institution on the side lines was heard to remark that it was the most scientific game he had ever seen, which reflects credit on Dr. Hotchkiss as coach.

This victory brought us to the attention of Princeton and we received an invitation to come to New Jersey and play that college team. But Dr. Gallaudet was averse to the idea and we reluctantly declined.

Baseball was more to the front at that period as a college game than was football. And during the eighties Gallaudet developed some good pitchers. Lawrence James and Thomas Lynch later played on major leagues. But baseball has changed less than football and little comparison can be made. It had been played almost from the beginning of the college.

Basketball was then unknown and we had no track team. Tennis was very popular and the courts along the green next to faculty row were favorite playing grounds of some of Washington's most prominent players. One year a tournament was held there that attracted many members of the diplomatic corps and officials of the government.

But withal athletics did not form such an important part in college life, then as they do today with the paid coach. We played for sport's sake and learned the sportsman's code.

In football, we wore no "armor plate" and our movements were not hampered by encasing our legs and arms in "harness." Maybe our skulls were thicker in those days, for we did not put a padded leather pot over them. We wore thin canvass suits, bucked the line with bare heads and met the onrush of our opponents with nothing but underclothes and canvass between our own bodies and the sinewy forms and hardened muscles hurled against us.

There was no first aid man hovering along the line with a portable drug store, like a buzzard above an expectant carcass or an undertaker taking the dying man's measure. A bottle of arnica was quite enough.

There was no yell leader fracturing the air with idiotic phrases and cavorting like an ape on a jumping stick in his endeavor to arouse a frenzied audience into more frenzy.

But we played the game! And sages sang the glory of our heroes then even as now!

SHE'S ALL RIGHT

Gallaudet? Why she's all right! She possesses the best minor college team in the District of Columbia. She has come back and now occupies her former position in sporting circles. The playing of the team at the Drexel game in Philadelphia was a surprise to everybody. Seeing it in action, one could not help but be carried back to the days of 1913 and 1914 when Gallaudet was at its peak in football. The only thing lacking was speed, but this weakness can easily be remedied. Hotchkiss Field has a splendid century-dash straightway which is always ready to assist Coach Hughes.

Gallaudet has always had an eleven that contained everything save that most important force, deception. But this year, with Massinkoff at Quarter, this necessary asset has been added.

NOW FOR SPEED!

BOXING AT PENN

The University of Pennsylvania has 60 candidates for the boxing teams. They will meet teams from West Point, Penn State, Massachusetts Tech., Colgate and possibly Yale.

A Great Team Indeed

By J. A. SULLIVAN

RECORD

Gallaudet	0;	Washington and Lee U...	24.
Gallaudet	6;	Richmond College	0.
Gallaudet	103;	Baltimore City College ..	0.
Gallaudet	40;	Rocky Hill College	7.
Gallaudet	40;	Western Maryland College	0.
Gallaudet	47;	Wake Forest College	7.
Gallaudet	26;	Md. Agricultural College..	0.



THIS TIME when most of the schools and colleges have completed their football schedules, some are rejoicing over the excellent showing their team has made, while others not so fortunate are sorrowful; scattered all over the great land of ours, there are some individuals who like to shut their eyes and to allow their minds to wander thru the dark recesses of their memories to bring to light visions of the past when Gallaudet had a great team, indeed, that covered itself with glory. Like the unseen hand of destiny moving along the starry heavens only to finally rest on the most brilliant star, the mind pauses before the splendid record of the team of nineteen hundred and thirteen, brightens up in pleasant recollections of its succession of victories, and finally covers it with a halo as a deserving tribute to its gameness.

Now, my dear friends, take a good look at the picture of husky looking players, and you will see the same bunch that made up a great team ten years ago which was Gallaudet's pride. Some of them are very tall, others are short, some of them pitched hay during the hot summer time, while others loafed but what difference does it make, they are football heroes, all of them. Well, let us turn our search-light on the bunch, and let Fred Moore, the quarterback and captain be the first victim. He always stood in an unique position with his back to the center giving signals with the heavy linemen towering above him like giants. In the opinion of many, Gallaudet never has had a better field general. At critical moments he seemed to possess the uncanny ability to detect weakness in the opposing team's line, and to take advantage of every opportunity, and many times his superior judgement saved the team. He could, also, run down the field with the ball like a streak of lightning, and every body thought he had the wings of mercury on his feet. The backfield was made up of fine looking fellows from the middle west, Kelley, Rendall, Willman, Classen, and Jacobson who were so strong and powerful that they could pound the line to pieces as well as run around the ends. Foltz and Marshall were the equal of any pair of ends that could be found on any college team in this country. "Little Eddie Foltz," hardly reached up to the average player's shoulder but what he lacked in height he made up in speed whenever he was given the ball, and strange to say when he drove into the line it was with a power that was surprising. That little body of his must have contained a dynamo. The year before Foltz was given a place on the All South Atlantic eleven. Marshall, called the "Rock of Gibraltar," was the terror of the opposing players. His tackling was fierce and hard, like a bull dog's grip, and his opponents wisely tried to avoid meeting him again. Marshall could be depended upon to catch forward passes, and in spite of his heavy build he could run fast down the field. Johnson, "The Canadian," and Miller, "The Big Fellow from Maryland," were the regular tackles on the varsity, Johnson proved to be a good man on the defensive, though it was his first year on the team. Miller was very reliable, and often

when he was given the ball on a tackle formation, it was hard to stop him. Miller is the only one in the picture who is not now living, he having expired from typhoid fever at his home at the beginning of his senior year. Rassmussen, "The Big Dane," was a capable substitute for Miller and Johnson. Martin and Butterbaugh were a veritable stonewall in the line, and they repelled attack after attack until the backs became discouraged and looked elsewhere to try their luck. Martin came all the way from the mountains of Kentucky to play football. He had to ride horseback twenty miles over the mountains, and then leaving the exhausted horse in the hands of a friendly farmer, had to walk the rest of the distance twenty miles to the station. Decker, at the center, "The Ladies Man," left memories of his conquests of the fair sex behind him every time he appeared on the football field. He and Moore played together at the same positions at the Kansas School and they understood each other thoroughly, his passes to Moore were rarely misjudged. He was strong on the defensive, and more than once he was seen to break thru the line, and nail the runner in his tracks. Rockwell was unable to play in the majority of games due to injuries early in the season, but he was a versatile player for he could play end, half back and quarter back. He was a very clever broken field runner. In Andrewjeski, Treuke, Harms and Edington Gallaudet has very capable substitutes who could be depended upon any time.

Were the writer asked how it happened that Gallaudet was able to form a very powerful team out of a small number of students and to beat teams representing colleges whose student body enrollment greatly outnumbered that of Gallaudet, the best answer that could be given is that the Fates seemed to have decreed that Gallaudet was to have a great team at last. As soon as the great-to-be-football players donned their first football togs at school, their faces must have been turned resolutely in the direction of Kendall Green. So when the bunch of husky looking candidates showed up on Garlic Field one afternoon in September Coach Crafts just looked them over and wrung his hands in holy glee for he knew that a great team was in the making. After a short preliminary practice he took them to Lexington, Virginia where they met Washington and Lee University. That institution of learning long known to have on its enrollment record students from wealthy and aristocratic families in whose veins ran the blue blood of the Southerners long faithful to southern ideals, had a contempt for Gallaudet's team and had three teams on the field during practice, believing that after a few minutes they would roll up a high score, and then send in their second and third teams to replace the varsity.

Their prediction proved to be all wrong, for shortly after the whistle had blown, Gallaudet was in the thickest of the fray. The Southerners were taken completely by surprise, and though they were fortunate to score three touchdowns and a drop kick during the first and third periods simply because they outweighed Gallaudet twenty pounds to the man, they had to keep their varsity intact on the field sending in substitutes only whenever it was absolutely necessary. And it should be remembered that Foltz and Marshall the regular ends did not accompany the team on account of injuries. During the final quarter Gallaudet advanced the length of the field on trick plays and forward passes which kept the Southerners guessing. A forward pass was thrown by Moore to Rockwell near the goal line who ran for a touchdown, but the officials refused to allow it, claiming that Rockwell was two inches outside the goal

line when he caught the ball. However, Gallaudet had the ball most of that period with the Southerners on the defensive, and had they played with the same determination in the early part of the game, it is probable the score would not have been so large.

The next game was played with a team representing Richmond College in Virginia on a wet and soggy field. Fumbles were frequent throughout the game. Old style football had to be used. It was impossible to circle the ends on the slippery field. Every time a player plowed thru the line, it was an invitation to be tackled and thrown face-wards into the sea of mud while the players with their football togs covered with tons of mud would pile on top of him, and the referee had to dive into the pile to rescue the fellow with the ball from getting drowned in the puddle. Gallaudet was lucky to score its first touchdown after the first two minutes of play, for after that the Richmond line stiffened. After all, it was a game well won in a sea of mud.

The first home game was played with Baltimore City College an institution from the Monumental City, which had in recent years sent teams strong enough to give Gallaudet a stiff battle. When they showed up on the field they were a rather husky looking lot. Early in the season they had held the Maryland Aggies to a small score, something like 27 to 16. Nobody dreamed that a record score was to be made. Before the game, Patterson, "The Red Head Manager," walked up and down the side lines looking for a young man to keep record of the score. He happened to see a freshman perched on the bleachers with the mollicoddles and the co-eds, and for a mysterious reason Patterson did not like it, and ordered that fellow to come down and keep score. On the kick-off Gallaudet received the ball and returned it forty yards. On the next play a forward pass was thrown to an end, who was tackled near the goal posts. A touchdown was made on the next play. The score then was 7 to 0. Then a series of plays followed in rapid-fire succession,

and the game was a little more than two minutes old when the score was 14 to 0. Everybody was then beginning to sit up and take notice. Fred Moore, then realized that his team was playing against an opposing team whose defense was like a paper wall, but he would not let his teammates take a holiday, and he made them work just as hard as if they were up against a strong team. Then the crowd was treated to the novel sight of long end runs of sixty, seventy and eighty yards for touchdowns. Volley after volley of forward passes were hurled into the waiting arms of the ends and half backs who had a clear field before them. The line was ripped wide open for big gains of ten, fifteen and twenty yards. More than once a player would receive the ball on the kick-off and aided by clever interference run the entire field for a touchdown. The fellows from Baltimore were helpless before the terrific onslaught. They might as well have tried to stop a steam roller. At the end of the first half the score stood 51 to 0. The entire second team went into the game at the beginning of the third period. It was believed that the second team would be on the level with the opposing team, but to the surprise of everybody the second team smashed thru the line, dashed around the ends for long runs, and helped to increase the score 71 to 0. Then the Varsity went on the field again to try to reach the century mark. Everything was simply a repetition of what had happened during the first half of the game. Bewildering trick plays, tackle formations, criss-crosses were pulled off in quick succession. The Baltimorians seemed to be in a daze. They had come all the way to meet a football team, but daze. They had come all the way to meet a football team, but they met a cyclone instead. When the agony was finally over, the score was 103 to 0. During that game the spectators were greatly amused at the sight of the freshman, who was told by Patterson to keep score, running up and down the field every few minutes. He had almost no rest at all, for the minute the players received the ball on the kick-off they would carry it



TEAM OF 1913

Left to right—Patterson, mgr.; Rockwell, sub., r. e.; Harms, sub., r. g.; Treu ke, sub., h. b.; Wellman, sub., f. b.; Edington, sub., l. e.; Crafts, coach; Andrewjeski, sub., h. b.; Miller, r. t.; Battersbaugh, r. g.; Decker, c.; Marti n, l. g.; Johnson, l. t.; Marshall, r. e.; Keeley, l. h. b.; Jacobson, sub., f. b. Moore, capt., q. b.; Classen, f. b.; Rendall, r. h. b.; Fouz, l. e.

fifty or sixty yards, and the scorer had to run the same distance with them. When the game was over, that freshman staggered down the road with the crowd. In the dressing room he was seen to take off his shirt, which looked as if it just came from the wash-tub. The players just grinned, for they understood the humorous side of the situation. As was expected, the high score of 103 to 0 attracted attention from the sporting editors everywhere. A day or two later an interesting statement appeared in the *Washington Herald*, which read as follows: "Parke H. Davis, member of the intercollegiate Football Rules Committee, is authority for the statement that Gallaudet's achievement of 103 points against the Baltimore City College is the highest football score achieved by any college team within the past ten years."

The fourth game on the schedule and the last to be played on Garlic Field was with Rocky Hill College, a little team that fought hard from the beginning to the end, but proved to be no match for the strong Gallaudet eleven. A drizzling rain fell throughout the game and made the field too wet and slippery to attempt any trick plays of forward passes, so like the Richmond game straight football had to be used.

Western Maryland College, an old rival, was met in Westminster after a lapse of several years, and Gallaudet won by the decisive score of 40 to 0.

The longest trip of the season was made to Raleigh, North Carolina, a week later, where the strong Wake Forest College team was defeated by the overwhelming score of 47 to 7. Long forward passes simply had the Southerners mystified. The inhabitants of that sleepy southern town said that never before had they seen a team like Gallaudet whose forward passing was so brilliant.

Now the annual game with Maryland Agricultural College was to take place. During the past ten past years Gallaudet had sent the annual game with Maryland Agricultural College strong teams to meet the Farmers, but each time they were beaten when victory was within their grasp. The year before the score stood 7 to 0 in favor of Gallaudet, until near the end of the game, the Farmers aided by gathering darkness grew desperate and succeeded in turning impending defeat to victory by sending their quarterback over for a touchdown after they had failed three times to move an inch from the three-yard line. At that time it was so dark that the referee could not see the ball, and it is no wonder a touchdown was made under these circumstances. Gallaudet never forget that questionable touchdown.

Finally came the long waited for day of the game, and with it came the sun in all its morning glory. The football players were restless like race horses. During the lunch hour almost every student shocked the matron by leaving the food untouched. When the time came, the boys hurried in the direction of Fowler Hall where they met the co-eds who brought with them pennants, buff and blue colors and everything to show the world that they

were out to see Gallaudet win. When the football field was reached the Gallaudet crowd took their places alongside the east side of the field, and their buff and blue colors presented a beautiful sight. The day was unusually warm for the month of November, but just the same a large crowd was present. The game started.

Fred Moore received the ball on the kick-off, but when a Farmer tackled him, in a mysterious way, he fumbled the ball. At that moment Crafts, who just had lighted a cigarette, threw it on the ground. It meant that he was beginning to get worried. The Farmers now with ball tried Gallaudet's line, but they failed to gain. Next they tried the ends but Foltz and Marshall had already drawn a line with the words, "They shall not pass." Soon the ball was lost on a fumble, and Gallaudet tried the line and found that they could gain. Some one got too excited and lost the ball. However, it was in Gallaudet's hands again soon after the Farmers could not do anything against the line. Moore now called a forward pass. Marshall then ran to the five-yard line, where he planted his feet squarely on the ground and waited with his arms outstretched and with Old Sol's rays shining direct into his eyes. The ball travelled thirty-five yards and Marshall caught it. He started to run, but he had hardly covered two yards when half a dozen Farmers pounced on him. Moore gave the ball to Classen, but he failed to gain. Then Moore turned to Keeley with a divine appeal in his eyes. The red headed fellow from Utah answered in an eloquent manner by skidding thru an opening and fell over the line hugging the ball for dear life. Immediately the Gallaudet side became a sea of waving buff and blue colors and cheers arising from a hundred or more throats were carried over to the other side and almost rocked the Farmers's stands. Moore kicked the goal and the score now stood 7 to 0. Crafts lighted a fresh cigarette and walked up and down the field his eyes shining with a holy light. That meant he was not worried any more. His great and powerful football machine was just getting into working order. Now with the score in their favor the Gallaudet players played with a wonderful fighting spirit which prevented the Farmers from advancing near their goal line. However, a tragedy soon happened. Foltz, who had been playing a great game was taken out with a slightly dislocated collar bone. Rockwell now took Foltz's place. During the rest of the half the ball see-sawed up and down the field. During intermission Crafts delivered the best speech of his career by telling the players that though the score was now 7 to 0, the game was not yet won, and asked how many of them remembered last year's game which the Farmers won 13 to 7 in the last few minutes of play. His merciless lashings had the desired effect for the players fought like demons the rest of the game. The Farmers received the ball on the kick-off and then started things with a rush. Shipley their full-back and Ruff, a halfback, hurled themselves against the line like fanatics, and soon the former succeeded in making a long run around the right



Al Rose, Gallaudet back, carrying around Drexel end in game played at Philadelphia, November 10, 1923. Score: Gallaudet 13, Drexel 0.

Photos by Borgan
A midfield scrimmage Gallaudet-Drexel game at Philadelphia, November 10, 1923.

end. Gallaudet had the ball in its hands anyhow later, and Classen made an eighteen yard run. The ball was advanced nearer and nearer the Farmer's goal line. The Farmers stiffened and Moore had to kick from placement from the eighteen yard line putting Gallaudet still in the lead 10 to 0. On the next kick-off Moore ran forty yards through the entire Farmers line. The Farmers were losing ground and had to retreat near their goal posts. The ball soon went to the Farmers, but they could not gain much. Twice Shipley had to punt out of danger from behind his goal posts.

The game soon became a battle royal. The Farmers were getting desperate, and hurled forward passes in an attempt to get into Gallaudet territory. In vain did they attempt to hammer thru the line. After a while Moore was disqualified just because he was pushing two players who insisted in piling on him. Fear now gripped the hearts of the Gallaudet crowd, at the sight of the Captain walking out of the game. The players now held a consultation on the field and elected Classen their Captain. Rockwell was shifted to Moore's place, and Treuke then covered the end. Shortly after that Rockwell caught the ball on the kick-off and ran fifty-five yards for a touchdown, but he was called back because the referee had detected holding. At the beginning of the fourth quarter Kelley kicked a goal from placement on the thirty-six yard line, which was a feat for he did not specialize in kicking. The score now stood 13 to 0. That score stimulated Gallaudet into more action, and they now started a steady procession by a series of forward pases and end runs. The Farmers fought like wild cats but they were pushed steadily back. Rockwell gladdened the hearts of the crowd by running twelve yards around the end for a touchdown. The goal was not kicked, but the score soared higher 19 to 0. The farmers could not stop Gallaudet's rushes, for Shipley their star full-back was sent out of the game for telling everybody within hearing distance what he thought of the referee. After the kick-off the ball was again in the Aggie's territory. On the Farmers' fourth down a punt was tried but it was blocked and fell into the arms of Martin. That big guard was so surprised to find the ball in his arms (perhaps he was wondering if it was a gift from the gods) for a second or two he hesitated and then his team mates gathered around him and propelled him into action. Then Martin with the ball in his arm pit, one end pointing up to the sky, and the other end to the ground galloped forty yards for a touchdown, his team mates forming an impenetrable barrier around him. The goal was kicked, and the score was 26 to 0. At this time it was getting a little dark, and the Farmers hoping to take advantage of breaks now punted whenever they had the opportunity. Gallaudet knew the game was won, but still kept on the alert to prevent the Aggies from getting near the goal posts. Gallaudet had secured the ball and was moving up the field when the game was over. Then the Gallaudet crowd streamed on the field waving the victorious buff and blue colors. A huge snake dance was soon writhing up and down the field. Roy Stewart who had seen the Farmers defeat Gallaudet, year after year, now leaned on Teddy Hughes's shoulder and cried with joy. Teddy was so deeply moved that he abandoned his lady escort, and went home with Roy instead. "Red Head" Patterson soon got lost in the mad storm for his height is as great as that of Napoleon, and he collided with one of the goal posts and was knocked senseless. Fortunately one of the co-eds had brought her smelling salts along, and after Patterson had sniffed a little, he revived and then bolted in the direction of the farmers' showers to collect his guarantee from Curley Byrd. During the excitement Walter Durian's derby hat was knocked from his head, somebody picked it up and kicked it over the bars. Walter did not care for he was going to close his college career with a victory over the Farmers. On the way home the students cheered the players and Crafts as a

great coach and the cars fairly shook with their cheers. In the evening the boys touched off a monster bon fire. It made a brilliant crimson color in the sky, which could be seen all the way to College Park. Some of the boys went up the chapel tower and rang the bell, which could be heard miles around. Down below the boys were carrying the players one by one on their shoulders as a fitting honor for a glorious victory.

The next morning interesting accounts of the game were printed with headlines in the papers. William Peet, sporting editor of the *Washington Herald*, who had seen the Aggies defeat Gallaudet regularly for the past ten years, was so overjoyed at the victory that he expressed his feelings in the following poetic strain: "Football songs that stirred the blood of every native Marylander, cheers stimulating and encouraging in their volume that floated across the green fields of College Park, failed to bring victory to the champions of the State yesterday when the Aggies fell with a sickening thud before Gallaudet's well coached and superb football machine. The score was 26 to 0."

It may be said to the credit of the Aggies that though they were outclassed in every department, kicking, rushing, punting and forward passing, their fighting spirit remained with them to the end. Glorious in defeat as well as in victories in the past they went down in that game like a ship with all its flags flying. With practically the same team Gallaudet defeated the Aggies again the next year by the score of 23 to 0. The year after that Gallaudet lost 10 to 0. Since then Gallaudet and the Aggies never have met in football. Simply because the Aggies grew from a small Agriculture College into the University of Maryland. Only a few week ago Curley Byrd, the same coach, sent a team to New Haven and it played a great game in the Bowl, holding Yale 16 to 14.



Seinsenohn of Akron Silents making a touchdown.

GOLF COURSES ABROAD

England has 748 golf courses; Wales, 44; Ireland, 93, and Scotland, 368.

DEMPSEY'S OPPONENTS

The prospective opponents of Jack Dempsey are Harry Wills, Tom Gibbons, Luis Firpo and Jack Renault.

INDOOR SPORTS

By GUIE LEO DELIGLIO



HE EDITOR, probably thinking he could stump me, has asked for a sporty article for this issue. Well, folks, what does a woman only a little over five feet tall, and weighing close to a hundred and sixty pounds, know of sports? My favorite sport is reading, second comes the sport of writing off reams of pages so I may hear the disgusted grunt of the disinterested editors, and the third sport I like is floating around in a tank of warm water at some swimming pool.

But there are sports and sports. Baseball is called "The Great American Sport." The college man usually prefers football. Fleety young people of both sexes say there is nothing better than a game of basket-ball. Tennis has scores of fans. Horse racing, polo, and swimming have their enthusiasts. The gambler loves nothing better than a game of cards. And what does a drunkard mourn more than his lost sport of drinking intoxicants?

Being a woman, I vote for indoor sports. Yes, I hear the editor giving a disgusted grunt right this minute. He probably hoped for a masterpiece from me dealing with the intricate passes of a football or baseball that was the means of winning one of the greatest games in the history of sports. Some day, when I have time, I shall instruct him in the way of dodging flying dishes thrown by his wife. At present, however, he must take what is coming to him.

One sport between the housewife and her stove is the fight over whether or not the cake is going to fall. To win over a cranky stove that says the cake **MUST** fall is a feat worthy of any silver trophy that some mere man receives for hitting a little ball around some golf course. Any man can win over a little dinky ball, but a stove can silently laugh at the housewife, and if the housewife becomes half as angry as some golf players, and strikes the stove, nothing happens except she gets a bad burn, and the stove keeps on grinning so hard that the cake comes from the oven with a decidedly empty stomach.

Another sport, that is hard to win is the sport of knitting. First, the husband, who in most households is required to hold the yarn for his wife, falls asleep over what he deems an uninteresting task. His wife drops the ball into her lap as she leans over and gives him a gentle shake. The husband then jumps up, lets the yarn fall to the floor in a tangled mess, and demands to know what it is all about. It is up to the wife to make peace, and in doing so the ball of yarn rolls from her lap and is immediately pounced upon by the household cat—or the household baby. When the wife finally quiets her husband, untangles the yarn he had been holding, and looks for the other end that she had so carefully wound into a ball, she finds it is now no ball at all; merely some raveled and knotted bits of dirty wool. If, by any chance, she successfully manages to get the yarn ready for knitting, the knitting needles become worthy opponents. They slip and slip, and when, with a sigh of relief, she finds her work finished, she beholds in the second or third row a dropped stitch that she was sure she had not seen before. In a case of this kind the victory is entirely with the knitting needles.

A still greater sport is between the housewife and the demon Dirt. The housewife begins her housecleaning in one room and progresses on through the house. Dirt, with a sardonic laugh, follows closely behind. When the housewife sweeps the last room, and then leads her husband into the first room she cleaned, does she hear the praise she expected from her husband? She does not. Dirt and Dust has again accumulated. Her husband looks perplexed and inquires when she expects to finish house cleaning. This causes her to either seize the dust-cloth and start another round of chasing Dirt, or if she is young, she falls in a swoon in her husband's arms. Dirt

is usually the victor. Wise women know that house-cleaning is more a battle than a sport.

Washing and ironing can be compared to boxing as a sport. Unless the contestants are very skillful, neither escape without a scratch. The victor in a boxing contest comes out with a black eye, a swollen nose, or some broken teeth. The woman who can finish a large washing and ironing with only aching muscles, a stiff back, and a few minor burns is indeed as great a victor as Jack Dempsey over the giant Firpo.

Next to the greatest sport of woman is the game of bringing up children. If a mother can raise a child through the ages of measles, mumps, chicken-pox, puppy love, hero worship, athletic contests, and safely see him married to a girl of her choice, she can call it a complete victory.

But the greatest of all indoor sports is the game of managing a husband. This contest lasts several years, first one side and then the other gaining a small victory, the final victory comes when the wife can say she has at last succeeded in understanding her husband and is able to manage him at all times.

Those sports are guaranteed to be as great as any outdoor sports that mere man can devise. There wouldn't be enough trophies left for the men if the women received them for all the indoors victories they win. Still many a wife owes something to her husband. Kicking golf balls out of the way is as good exercise as kicking footballs. Throwing dishes at a human target is better for the eye than pitching a baseball. Picking up a husband's carelessly dropped clothes and replacing them on the hooks easily takes the places of both basket-ball and golf.

So I now close with an additional word to wives. If your husband is inclined to look down on your indoor sport, and tells you you had better take up tennis or golf, look at him kindly and remark that you will be only too glad to—if he can manage the cook stove, the knitting needles, the children, the washing and ironing, and all the indoor sports. After uttering these remarks it is doubtful whether your husband will be able even to manage himself.



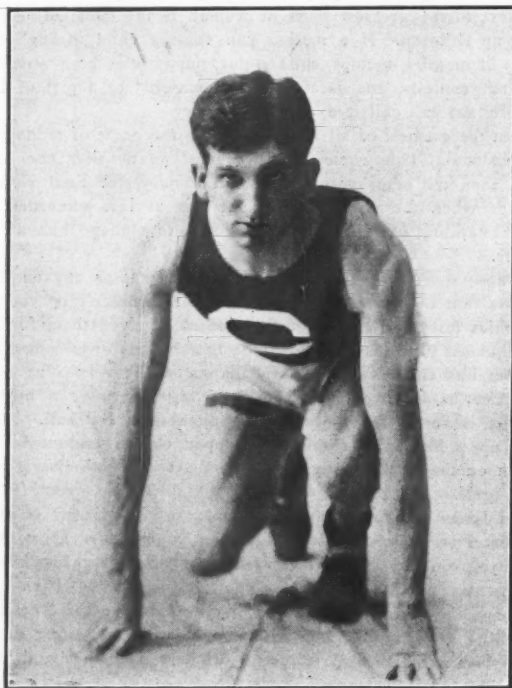
BETSY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Chambers of Knoxville, Tenn.

"Nigger"

By M. M. LUBIN

IN THE lexicon of Sportdom's vocabulary, the term "has been" applies to an athlete, racing horse, *et al*, whose career, once the "greatest of them all," after lying dormant for a length of time, attempts to come back into the limelight and duplicate past performances, to meet with defeat.

Among our silent athletes, there are no doubt a number who have achieved this distinction, retired from their respective championships and then made this delicate attempt. Some have succeeded. Most have failed. Of those who have succeeded



LEOPOLD BREALAUER

the writer recalls one, who, for a number of years held the indoor-outdoor championship of city and its vicinity, retired because there was no one else to meet and then after a couple of years came back and proved that he could successfully evade being a "has been."

"Nigger," the subject of this sketch, is the one referred to above. His real name is Leopold Brealauer and came into the world under the sunny skies of Waverly Mills, South Carolina. At the age of six he lost his hearing and entered the Spartansburg School for the Deaf. The following year his folks moved to New York City and little Leo entered the Lexington Avenue School.

Perhaps because he hails from the south, "whar de niggers are abundant," perhaps because of the old Mammy his folks brought over with them, perhaps because of his dark complexion, resembling that of the mulatto, tho' there is not a trace of colored blood in him or his ancestors. Perhaps, I reiterate, because the school, a strict advocate of the "talk-read-lips" method of instruction, wherein the pupils, from necessity had to invent names for every newcomer, the above mentioned, perhaps, caused them to dub little Leo the third finger on the nose which in our sign language, nicknamed him "Nigger."

As a basketball player he was the mainstay of his team, the famous Lexington Ave. A. A. It was largely due to his accurate shooting and fleetfootedness that many a close game was won. Up to the time of his graduation from the school he

figured in no less than 167 games, of which 159 were victories. From basket-ball he turned to running and under the able instruction and coaching of Prof. W. S. Kupfer, the instructor in the gymnastics, Leo was modelled into an all around athlete and a star of the first magnitude.

His come back stunt was successfully accomplished at one of the many Frat picnics. Pitted against a string of younger and more seasoned aspirants, he successfully defended his title, and up to the present day still remains undefeated. His time for various track meets are: 60 yds.—7 one-fifth sec.; 100 yds.—10 three-fifths sec.; 200 yds.—25 sec.; 300 yds.—45 sec.; 440 yds.—54 sec.

"Nigger" is connected with the Clark House A. A., a hearing organization and has been on the winning team for six years. During his career he has also been connected with various organizations, both deaf and hearing. He has won, all told, sixty medals of gold, silver and bronze and a score of prizes too many to recollect, mostly won at the different track meets of the deaf. Thirty cups were due to his credit, which is held by the Clark House Association, a member of the Amateur Athletic Association.

The writer would be interested to learn of the other silent come-backs who have been through this accomplishment. There surely are a number of old timers who are too modest to send in their tale.

PLAYERS NEED BIG FEET

According to Coach Zuppke, of Illinois, football players need big feet to enable them to keep their balance when they are hit hard.

A Chinese Deaf Guest



MRS. E. FLORENCE LONG, MR. ZIAO FONG HSIA OF NINGPO, CHINA, AND MRS. EFFIE WESEEN ANDERSON at the Iowa School for the Deaf in November.

Mr. Ziao Fong Hsia, of Ningpo, China, after completing his education at the Rochester School and spending three years at a Technical School left for his native land on November 20.

On his way west he stopped at Chicago, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Salt Lake City, and Seattle. Above picture shows, him with Mrs. E. Florence Long and Mrs. Effie Weseen Anderson, teachers at the Iowa School for the Deaf in Council Bluffs. He was entertained there over the week end, November 3 and 4 and met a number of Iowa and Nebraska deaf people at a Church Supper in Omaha.

Mr. Hsia comes from a Chinese family whose members are Christianized, and have been for three generations back. He was brought to this country when a little lad of ten by Mrs. Annette Mills to be educated. He is an accomplished and well-educated young gentleman now and goes back to China to take up work with his uncle along mechanical lines, but will also do much for the advancement of his fellow Chinese deaf.

Silent Mickey Ford

A DEAF BOXER OF PROMISE



IN NEWARK, N. J., there lives a deaf boy who has a fighting heart and who likes the boxing game. This boy's name is Nicholas Conforti, Jr. He is of Italian parentage but was born in this country and is fighting for his native land "America." His fighting name is Silent Mickey Ford; no relation to the celebrated "Uncle Henry." His manager is Frank W. Hoppaugh, a former pupil of the School for the Deaf in Trenton. He was asked to give the readers the story of his career which we gladly print.

"At first I was not a very good admirer of the boxing game. I knew nothing about boxing. One night I went to see a boxing show with a friend. When I saw the preliminary boys scrap, I said to myself, 'I can beat those boys,' but I was too young then. I grew older and wanted to take boxing lessons, but I could not find any friend who would take boxing up with me. Finally my friend, William Smith, consented to help me. We learned pretty well. I decided to go in the boxing game. I went to a boxing club and I told the manager that I wanted to fight. He put me on with a good experienced boy, Danny Tuss. I knocked him out in the first round and got \$10 for my end. Easy money! Ten dollars for two min! Mr. Hoppaugh happened to notice the announcement of the fight. He did not know who Silent Mickey Ford was. So he hurried down and when he saw me hand in the K. O.,

he came to my dressing room and congratulated me and offered to become my manager. I was a rather nervous boy when I first climbed into the ring. I waited for three months to get another bout. It was against Al Rose. I floored him twice and knocked him out in the first. It was my second K. O. I helped and carried him to his corner. Then a month later I went to a boxing show at Troxlers. There was a boy fighting by the name of Dummy Dolan, not really deaf but a hard of hearing fellow. His man did not want to meet him so Troxlers asked me if I could substitute. I accepted and borrowed a pair of silk togs and shoes and

climbed into the ring. I floored him with rights and lefts to the jaw for a count of seven. The bell saved him from a K. O. In the second round I rushed and caught him on the jaw for the count of 10. That was my third K. O. Then I could not get any more bouts for they were afraid to meet me. I was thinking of quitting the boxing game, but I was put on with Battling Oden, a protege of the veteran Battling Hurley. I floored him twice for the count of nine,

but he refused to be counted out. I won the fight all the way.

"Three months later a friend of mine was to box in Harrison, New Jersey, but could not fill his engagement, so I substituted and fought a draw with Bobby Morris. I met him again a month later and fought to a draw, but the newspapers robbed me of the fight and gave it to Morris. This angered me and I decided to meet him again. I lost the bout but I decided to fight Bobby Morris again.

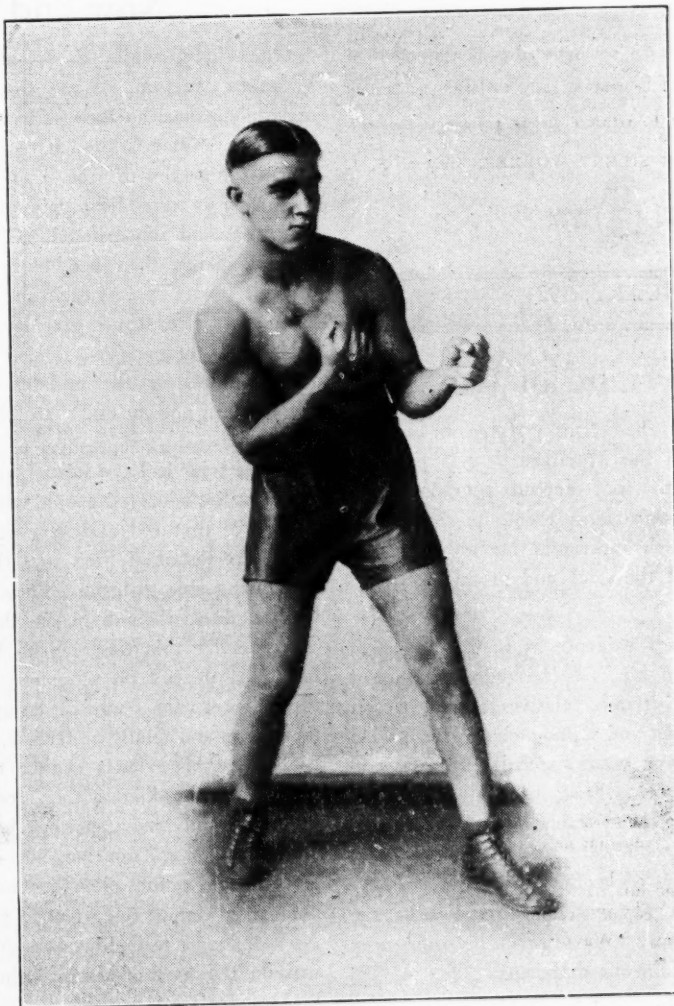
"Then I took a rest. Some friends and I purchased a bungalow for the summer. I trained all summer with Silent Whitney, whose real name is Willie Di Amics. After the summer was over, I did not get a bout for six months. Then Hoppaugh, my faithful manager, got me a bout with Slim Pavese. He was a tall, slim fellow and had a long reach. I lost the fight.

"Then I decided to meet Morris for the fourth time. I had a flock of deaf friends from the New Jersey Deaf-Mutes Society of which I am a member

my faithful manager. It was an eight round bout. We fought toe to toe and the fight was fast and ended in a draw. After sometime I again substituted and fought one of the hardest fights of my career against Joe Rivers, a good husky boy, tipping the beam at 140 lbs. In the fifth round I was the winner. It was to have been an eight round bout. Besides the above I have boxed for charity affairs with Al Lewis."

RING WEIGHT LIMIT

The English Welterweight limit is 147 pounds; the American is 145 pounds.



"SILENT MICKEY FORD"

The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE Editor.
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The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers, all of whom are deaf.

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The Marriage of Kin

The November issue of the *Scientific American* contains an interesting article on the Marriage of Kin by Paul Popenoe. While he does not defend consanguineous marriages, in fact, advises against them, he shows that the popular idea of such marriages inevitably resulting in a deterioration of the stock and producing defective issue is erroneous.

The most extraordinary evidence as to the biological effect of the marriage of kin is to be found in ancient Egypt, where matings between relatives of the closest degrees were both common and fashionable. The XVIII dynasty, which ruled Egypt in the sixteenth, fifteenth and fourteenth centuries before Christ, probably represents as high a point as Egypt ever reached, and it consisted of a succession of men who were the sons not only of cousins, but in most cases of brother and sister. There is no evidence that the physical characteristics or the mental power of the family were unfavorably influenced by the repeated consanguineous marriages.

Scientifically, the effects of inbreeding are that they represent merely the union of similar heredities. If the ancestry of the two is good their children will be benefited by receiving a double dose, so to speak, of certain good traits of their ancestors. On the other hand, in a stock that carries defective heredity, the children are doubly handicapped. Moreover, it often happens that a hidden trait in the family ancestry is brought to light when two related lines of descent are united in a single individual. Thus, a feeble-minded child may be born in a cousin mating where feeble-mindedness was latent in the ancestry and had not previously made itself mani-

fest. It is cases like this that have given consanguineous marriages its ill repute.

Defective children born after a marriage of kin were naively explained by the supposition that there was something inherently wrong about the marriage of relatives, when in fact it was the ancestry that should have been blamed. In passing judgment on a proposed marriage, therefore, the vital question is not "Are they related by blood?" but "Are they carriers of desirable traits?"

Now and Then

Once in a while queer letters reach the SILENT WORKER sanctum. Some think we are conducting a matrimonial bureau and ask us to find husbands or wives for them. Of course such requests are ignored. From others come tales of woe. They have grievances which they wish us to publish; these grievances come from both educated and uneducated. They feel bitter against society, against their neighbors, against the municipality of their town; against their church, and against the government. They think they have been unjustly treated, robbed of their rights, denied employment because of their deafness, or discriminated against in favor of hearing persons, and so on. In fact, they see red and feel blue.

Those who feel the loss of hearing keenest and suffer the most are educated people who lose their hearing after they have matured and have started in business—those who have tasted of life's joys through the advantage of once being able to hear. They begin to feel, after they become deaf, their hold on their business is slipping. They realize that they can no longer use the telephone, but must depend on some one who can hear; that he cannot enjoy the opera or enjoy a musical concert like he used to and finally he feels that he is an outcast socially because his friends cannot talk to him unless they write, and he knows they feel bored when he asks questions and their answers become shortened to the convenient "Yes" or "No," by nodding or shaking their heads. He cannot join in an animated conversation because he cannot tell when to get in an entering wedge. No wonder he feels downcast and bitter. This class also include the hard-of-hearing, those who have gradually become deafened.

It is not so with the other class who become deaf in early childhood or who were born deaf. They are sent to schools for the deaf when quite young and by associating with others of their kind never miss their deafness. They are to all appearances just as happy as hearing persons, because their sign-language enables them to carry on a conversation without any difficulty, and when it comes to associating with hearing persons they can either read the lips or use the pad and pencil. They learn trades that enable them to earn a comfortable living and they usually feel at peace with all the world. When they leave school they join the various organizations of

the deaf and attend churches where services are conducted in the sign language and feel on a par with their more favored brothers and sisters.

If the embittered class mentioned in the second paragraph should visit schools for the deaf, fraternize with the graduates at their social meetings, learn their language and attend their convention, their bitterness would eventually turn to one of happiness.

After all, life is just what we ourselves make it, as witness the following from the *Detroit News* of Saturday, October 27th, by John M. Orr:

He who has been afflicted with deafness only a short time is apt to be rebellious and he is skeptical that the law of compensation can possibly apply in his case. But he who has been deaf since infancy, through childhood and youth and through middle age, knows that there is some soul of goodness in things evil. He knows that, as Emerson said, he can, like the wounded oyster, mend his shell with a pearl.

When one of our five senses becomes impaired, the four others become strengthened beyond the normal.

Intuition develops rapidly if we educate ourselves to give attention to those flashes of knowledge which come to us intuitively. The deaf person becomes among other things an accurate reader of human nature. The deaf person, because of his handicap is obliged to watch the movement of the mouth of any new acquaintance so his attention is not attracted by clothes, or mere outward appearances which reveal nothing of character. Now we know that the eyes can be trained to deceive; we know that other features can wear a mask; but the mouth indicates the true character of any person. It is the only feature that cannot camouflage the truth and we who must watch the mouths of people know them better than those in their own families.

Now the deaf person becomes in the course of time a very keen observer. He sees many important things other people depending on their hearing do not see at all. That faculty of observation is the foundation of memory, reason, judgment, all kinds of culture, and that is why the deaf person is usually a better student and goes further in any sense of the word than those who depend on the five common—not uncommon—senses.

If an example be needed let us cite the well known case of Helen Keller, who very early in her life became deaf, dumb and blind. Her indomitable soul, instead of being daunted by such seemingly insurmountable obstacles, not only finally overcame them to the extent of an ordinary education, but today she became a really gifted highly cultured woman, and serves as an inspiration and a guide to others whose handicaps are not for a moment to be compared to hers.

If deafness is not the cause of failure, can we regard it as the cause of success?

Mr. Caulkins, who is foremost in the advertising profession, says in the *Atlantic Monthly*, that he has won his success not in spite of deafness but because of it. That sounds like a paradox certainly, but when we stop to think about it we see how it has been a spur, an incentive, a driving force, to overcome not only itself but every obstacle in the way. More than that, it has cut out of his life the useless superficial time-consuming conventionities and trivialities and has conserved his energies and focalized his determination on the things that count. Then we see truly how it has been the cause and not merely an incident in his success.

Seeing that, we can understand why these people in so many cases have risen to the top in their profession. Mr. Calkins is doubtless at the summit in the advertising field. Dorothy Canfield Fisher has for years held her place in fiction with best seller near the top of the list. J. H. Sharpe, the artist,

is the foremost painter of Indians and Indian life in all the West. Dr. Martin of *Harper's Magazine*, has been called the greatest living American essayist. There is no question about the fact that Edison is the greatest American inventor if not the greatest in the world today. H. W. Collingwood has made the *Rural New Yorker* the foremost agricultural journal in the country. There are few hearing architects who rank with A. Lincoln Feckeimer, who secured a diploma from the Paris School of Fine Arts, handicapped with total deafness through armed with the substitute, good lip-reading. The fiction, reading public is constantly clamoring for the novels of Rupert Hughes, Ellen Glasgow and Harold McGrath and millions of people everyday read the quaint prose poem of Walt Mason. All of these people and a long list of other are the "fortune owners" of deaf ears.

The men or women who are hard of hearing hold within themselves the key to their own destiny. If they allow themselves to be weak, discouraged and despondent over their lot they will probably, for a time, receive the sympathy they obviously crave (at least at the outset) but if they persist in such a course the chances are that they first will be pitied and then avoided.

Athletics

We are issuing an All-Sports number in the belief that every one will be interested, whether or not they are devotees of the popular sports of football, baseball basket-ball and the other forms of seasonable recreation that are so akin to good health and good morals of the youth of today.

Anything that tends to build up a strong body and to make our men and women courageous should be encouraged and fostered. No school or college can be of much consequence unless they include athletics, given under the guidance of competent instructors, as a part of the students' training. It makes better balanced men and women—those who are more alert and capable of better thinking.

We are indebted to our Athletic editor for his efforts in securing the number of interesting articles pertaining to athletics among our schools for the deaf which appear in this number of THE SILENT WORKER.

We Agree

We agree with *The Deaf Citizen* when it says we erred when we said that the Atlanta Convention voted to continue THE SILENT WORKER as the official organ of the N. A. D. What we intended to say, and should have said, was: "one of the five official organs of the N. A. D."

Because in the same issue the N. A. D. Department contained the correct wording we hardly thought an explanation necessary. But since *The Deaf Citizen* has brought the matter up editorially, we wish to apologize to all those who may have felt displeasure over our oversight.

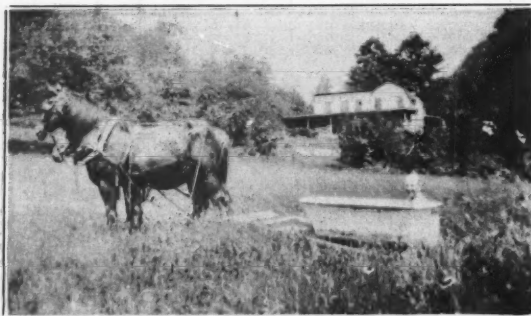
This is wishing all our readers a Happy and Joyous New Year.

The Pace That Kills

BY ERSATZ VERITAS

The strenuous social life of the modern dweller in cities often has been commented on. It is a theme that has engrossed many investigators and caused them to sound warnings, lest the sapping of the vitality of the denizens of populous communities result in a race of nervous wrecks.

The writer has had called to his attention an especially acute instance of the kind in a well known man-about-town of a near-by metropolis. In spite of the multiplication of motor vehicles in the land, he has maintained his fondness for horse-flesh in the form of blooded trotters, and has re-



"He finds it possible to take his matutinal bath and at the same time exercise his spanking pair of trollers."

tained his handsome pair of geldings. It had been his one rational enjoyment to exercise the pair on a speedway set apart for that purpose by the city; but a year or two ago this speedway was opened to automobile traffic, forcing the few remaining horsemen to take to country roads not frequented by motor vehicles.

Now mark the effect on our friend of a multiplicity of social engagements. Whereas in the old days he found time to perform his duties of comity and also to visit his stables with regularity and enjoy his driving, he now finds that such engagements makes difficult even sartorial and ablutionary requirements of everyday life. Being a man of resource, however, he has hit upon a combination. In the accompanying photograph he is shown demonstrating this. By an ingenious

arrangement he finds it possible to take his matutinal bath and at the same time exercise his spanking pair of trotters. As will be seen by a glance at the picture, he is dashing across the meadows of his country estate, his alabaster bath equipment replacing the light rubber-tired four-wheeler. His resourcefulness has not ended in this. Hot water was not always ready for him at the start, so he simply ran in cold water and allowed it to heat from the friction produced under the tub as it was dragged at high speed along the roads. Carrying bath towels did not prove convenient, so he hit upon the expedient of just standing up and permitting the breeze created by the motion to perform its well known wash day function of drying.

His case is indeed a sad one, and at the same time a terrible example and a warning.

Cape Town, Africa

DEAFNESS AND DRIVING

An important official ruling has been given during the last few days affecting applicants for driving licenses. The Motor ordinance of Cape Province does not specifically provide as is done elsewhere; that physical infirmity shall disqualify the would-be driver.

In the case in question the applicant, a gentleman who is stone deaf, although in every respect he successfully passed the driving test it has been ruled that his infirmity renders him incompetent in terms of the Section quoted, notwithstanding that he has been driving horses in Cape Town for years.

—Cape Times (Capetown, Africa), Oct. 12, 1923.

Deaf Workmen Wanted

DEAF WORKMAN WANTED

Since the convention of the Iowa Association of the Deaf was held in Dubuque last year, the deaf have been in greater demand as workmen. Skillful cabinet-makers, cabinet cleaners and varnish rubbers are especially wanted in Burnswick, Iowa. Write to Blake and Collendar Co. for application blank.

Destroyed By Fire

The handsome residence of Mr. and Mrs. Magnus Johnson, at Gull Lake, Saskatchewan, Canada, was wholly destroyed by fire August 11th last.



MINNESOTANS AT THE "FRAT"

The fire was discovered in the early hours of the morning and the whole building was enveloped in flames within a few minutes. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson escaped with their only child. Everything in the house except a few articles were destroyed. The loss is estimated at between three and four thousand dollars with an insurance coverage of only six hundred dollars. The origin of the fire is firmly believed to be the work of an incendiary.



MRS. E. FLORENCE LONG AND MR. ZIAO FONG HSIA, OF NINGPO, CHINA, during the latter's three days' visit at the Iowa School for the Deaf in November.

VISIT TO NAN TUNG CHOW

From Shanghai M-s. Mills went to Nan Tung Chow to visit the school opened by Chang Kien, the teacher for which was trained by one from the Chefoo School. The school is quartered in a comfortable building that nestles under the shadow of Long Shan, (Dragon Mountain) a beautiful spot. There were

two teachers, and seventeen pupils under instruction. They seemed to be doing good work both in language and speech. Freehand drawings done by the pupils were excellent, and the caned chairs made were both comfortable and useful.

Olympic Games

We have received an invitation from the Federation of Sports of the Deaf of France to take part in the Silent Olympic Games taking place in Paris from August 10 to 17, 1924. The list of competitive games include various track events, swimming, bicycling, and football. This is a division of the General International Olympic Games to be held next year in the French capital.

Acceptances should be addressed to Mr. Rubens Alcais, General Secretary of the Federation of Sports of the Deaf of the France, 4, Villa Stendhal, Paris.

Notice

To the Parents and Friends of Deaf Children:

As Missionary to the Deaf I have prepared a handsomely illustrated HANDBOOK of the SIGN-Language of the Deaf, especially for Ministers of the Gospel, Sunday School Teachers, parents and friends of deaf children, who may wish to help them spiritually and otherwise. From the book any one can learn the signs used by the deaf the world over, also what the Holy Bible says about the deaf and the naturalness of the sign-language. No Library is complete without one of these books. As a Missionary movement we have fixed the price of the book at cost so that it will come within reach of all, viz:

Leather Bound\$1.00

Paper Cloth Cover50

Address all orders with P. O. Money Order to, Mr. S. C. Carnes, Home Mission Board, Healey Building, Atlanta, Ga.

Very respectfully yours,
J. W. MICHAELS.

GERMANS LIKE FOOTBALL

Football, formerly considered by Germans as being too rough, has become one of the most popular games among school boys and college men in that country.



PICNIC, LAKE OWASO, JULY 1, 1923.

INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

Articles and photos
gladly received

But we have set our soul ahead
And nothing left from hell to sky
Upon a certain goal ahead,
Shall ever turn us back.

—Rice.

Edited by Thomas J. Blake

"A trade for every
deaf man."

Shop Work Is More Important Than Athletics



HE VALUE of athletics in a school for the deaf has its pros and cons. In most schools there are some who are strenuous or what you might call "hot-headed" advocates of athletics. Such generally go about as if they were wearing blinders. Athletics are their god, their whole future and their only thought. When they have full sway they diffuse their ideas, ambitions and enthusiasm to the boys and girls to their great disadvantage.

There is another class who object to all sorts of athletics because they maintain it interferes too much with the studies of the pupils. They maintain athletics makes bullies and idlers out of the boys, just as the other side maintains that if there is no athletics there will be a bunch of "sissies."

Both are wrong in their intentions and outlook. Neither should be allowed to have full sway. What should be strived for and maintained is a happy medium between the two extremes.

The alluring aspects of athletics has a ruinous effect on boys and girls and their industrial and school studies at times. Athletics is more attractive to boys and girls than study or work. It is natural for them to prefer to play instead of working. The enthusiasm displayed for athletics is generally because the boys are rewarded, coached, given a preference and their good work is noticed and commented on by all. This tends to dwarf the ideals of the boys. Their whole minds and bodies are always occupied with athletics. Their studies and indus-

trial work is simply a sort of drudgery which they must go thru daily, generally, in a half-hearted and haphazard manner.

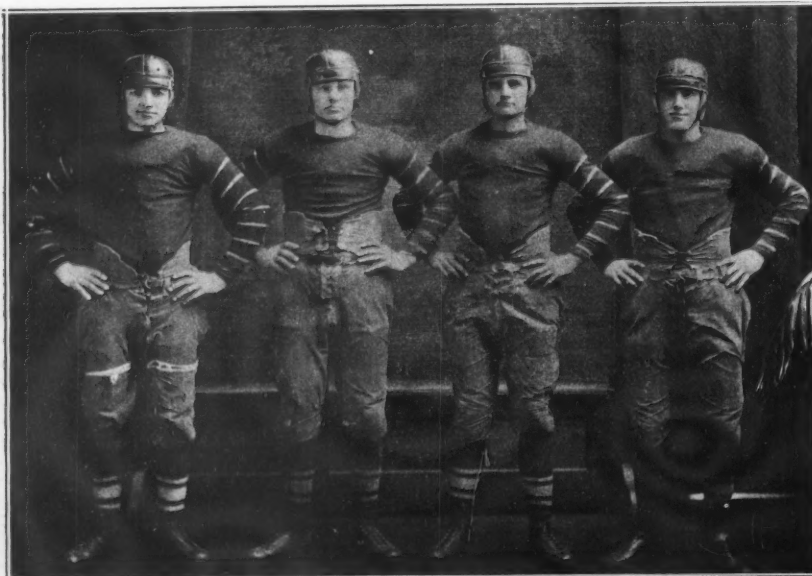
Athletics are rewarded with their letters and their sweaters and patted on their backs and pointed to with pride. Their coach sees to it that they are placed in the position on the team to which they are fitted. When they have a bad trait or play their positions in the wrong way the coach goes about finding the reason for such and quickly eliminates it, or shows how it should be down.

What is needed in most schools is an industrial coach. Such a coach would have many complex problems to solve. He must judge and size up the mental attainments of the boys far more than the athletic coach has to. A beefy youngster may make a good football player, but his mental equipment may never allow him to become a good journeyman, but as he has the physical requirements he may become a good farmer or pick and shovel man. Athletics are and should be encouraged in all schools. But they should never be allowed to interfere with the studies or shop work of the boys. A fifty-fifty basis is not even necessary and is wrong. More time and care should be devoted to a winning class in language or shop practice than to a winning football team. This is often not the case because of the sporting instincts of most of us. Most of the boys in schools are well developed physically and thus do not need so much attention in that direction. They generally take care of themselves and get enough of all sort of physical outdoor exercise. It is the studious inclined boy and girl who have to be

coached in athletics because they need it most and are at times liable to neglect it.

No matter how prominent a boy may be in athletics, and no matter by what method he may be educated in school, the most important point that should be stressed and insisted upon is plenty of work in the industrial department so he will become well grounded in the trade that he is planning to follow. The whole future of the boy depends on his trade and whether he is well prepared to follow it.

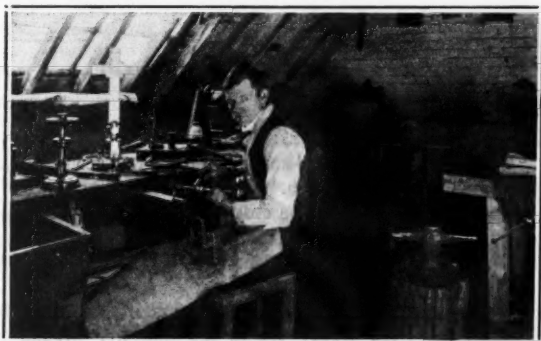
The welfare of the deaf and their future standing in any community depends much on a "fat pay envelope." With a good trade to follow the deaf man will be drawing a good monthly income. With this he can dress right, found a home, take care of his family in the right way and thus in this way be attracting the favorable attention of the public and be doing more to restore his kind to society than the oral and combined methods together.



THE BIG FOUR OF KANSAS WHICH BEAT ILLINOIS 6-0

J. O. P. Fletcher-Art Craftsman

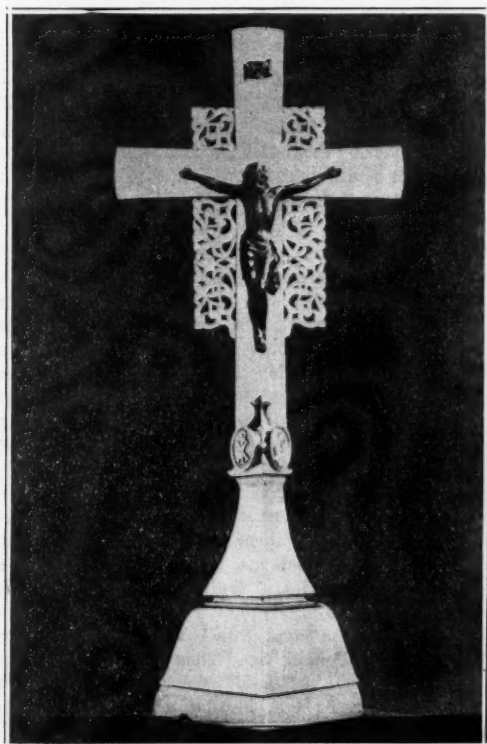
The accompanying cuts and description introduces J. O. P. Fletcher, art craftsman in various metals. Mr. Fletcher was born in the Bermundas in the year 1892, being the son of the late Captain J. A. Fletcher, A. S. C. The subject of this sketch was educated at the Clarmont House, Dublin, 1900-1; Old Road House, London, 1901-2 and the Royal School for the Deaf, Margate, 1902-8. He holds a London C. C. Scholarship



WORKSHOP OF J. O. P. FLETCHER
London, England.

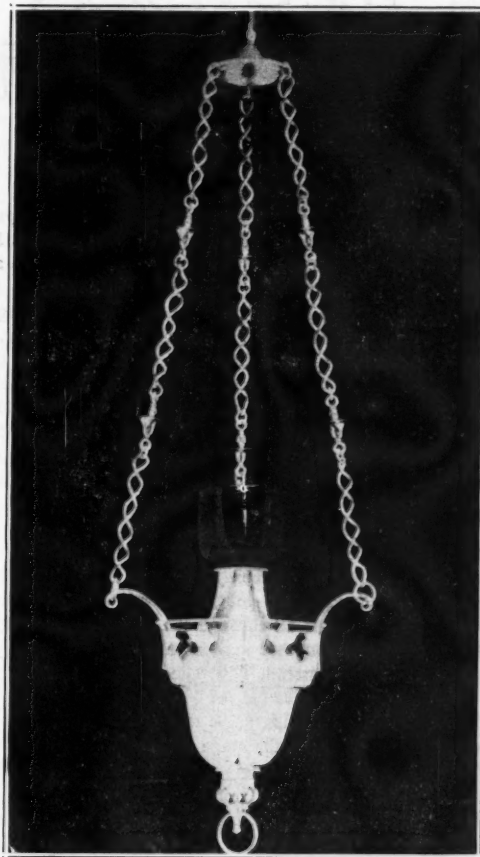
London ecclestical firm for some years manufacturing various articles from precious metals that are used in churches. He has worked for the Royal Army Service Corps of England, as an account clerk in charge of issuing rations for the army during the years of the world war.

There are very few art craftsmen among the deaf. Mr. Fletcher's calling is a little unusual. The fine works of art wrought from precious metals by his deft hands and brain are remarkable and a credit to his trade. The accompanying Silversmithing, 1908-1912. He has been employed by a



HAND WROUGHT BRASS ALTAR CROSS
Two and a half feet high.

ing cuts of an altar cross and sanctuary lamp give a fair idea of his work. The patience and skill required to produce such articles by hand must be great. Mr. Fletcher again proves the fact that the deaf are capable of mastering almost any trade if they have the chance to get the education and training and are able to absorb the same.



HAND-MADE SANCTUARY LAMP
42 oz. Solid Silver.



Introducing Sam Drill, the deaf-mute barber, formerly of Newark, N. J., but now of Jersey City. You never hear of any one being "bored" by a deaf-mute barber.

WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By Alexander L. Pach



THE POOR old sign language is doomed again. A New York newspaper tells of the presence here of a Canadian gentlemen, who, from having been an eye witness of what he thought a most unseemly sight—two deaf people talking in the sign language, so he immediately got busy on a language that has no such low visibility as our good old sign system.

Nine long hard years has he put in on his invention that he seems to have designed with shock absorbing qualities, and now it is so perfect that he brought it to New York to show the Police. Besides the main system he has a branch line outfit that enables him to talk with a cigar in his mouth so his daughter, who understands, can tell what he is saying just by the tilt of the cigar in Dad's mouth.

This is hardly new, though, as Theodore Roberts in the Movies has made his cigar say lots of things. However, I do not think the inventor of the system that is going to take the manual alphabet and sign language away from us "unfortunates," as he terms us all through the interview, is adapted to lady teachers, for they are sure to balk. However, cigarettes may be permitted instead, and some of the teachers would, in a pinch, fit themselves then.

The inventor isn't going back to Canada, that is not if he can get a job either on the stage or teaching his system, and, only fancy, he says he prefers the Bronx to any place he has ever seen. My, oh my, the Bronx of all places!

He brought letters of commendation from Canada, from prominent people who do not know anything about the sign language. There are always prominent people who will endorse anything, and the less they know about a thing, the more willing, nay, eager, they are to endorse.

The inventor, by the way, he is Mr. A. Honigman, tells the New York reporter he could not get his system through in Canada for the reason that Canadian schools for the deaf are supported by wealthy philanthropists and have no common directive board," which will be news to our Canadian cousins.

But in spite of that the Canadian schools admitted his system was wonderful, but the fly in the ointment was in that "the teachers are more or less antagonistic, as they would have to learn a new A B C etc.," and where does a teacher get time to study a new A B C system?

The inventor is going to Washington to show the Secret Service folks, but even there he is in a dilemma, and asks the reporter if it would not be an ill omen if some one not entitled to should learn the code.

Baffling thought, eh Watson!

However the inventor is not a man easily discouraged. Here in the United States he is going to hunt up what he calls "Mute Welfare Boards" and pin the darn thing on us "unfortunates," willy nilly.

I wonder what are "Mute Welfare Boards?"

The thing isn't new by any means. I have seen it demonstrated in vaudeville, with a blindfolded woman performer on the stage, answering inquiries made of her male partner going among the audience asking keyed questions, a sample of which,

I recall is in her being asked:

"What is this I hold in my hand?" And the reply comes quickly: "a gold huntingcase watch." If her partner had put the query leaving off "in my hand," the answer would have been a gold open-faced watch," etc., very clever simulation of mind reading, but merely well trained memories, and very clever acting.

One cannot help feeling sorry for the "unfortunate" inventor spending his good money taking his daughter around the country to demonstrate a theory about as superfluous as a fifth wheel to a wagon.

Two neighborhood theatres devoted to the Movies, and less than a block apart here in New York, had rival attractions on the same evening, the one announcing in brilliant electric lights that the star of the evening was.

ALICE TERRY

and the other illuminated sign gave the star's name as ROY STEWART.

If I had thought of it, I would have made a photograph of the two, (they were both in the range of a lens,) and sent one to the lady bearing that name in California, and the other to the Chairman of the N. A. D. Moving Picture Committee, whos habits is Washington, D. C.

It was the day when the eminent Mr. Dempsey and the distinguished Mr. Firpo were to meet in the squared circle, and the heavy Subway crush homeward bound, in the evening, was made the heavier by the thousands bound for the Polo Grounds. I had run into a fellow deaf New Yorker, and we were discussing the big event of the day, though neither of us were prospective attendants.

There was a most tangible odor of a compound distinctly forbidden by the 18th amendment, and its source (the odor's, not the distilled article,) was clearly in our midst, relatively speaking, and right next to us, standing, was the owner, and he clearly was not of New York. He had struck up an acquaintance with two girls who appeared highly amused at what he was telling them, and then he discovered us and watched our conversations for a few minutes, then turned to his young woman acquaintances, said something, and turned on us, and shot out with his fingers, in wonderfully clear spelling, "Where are you from?"

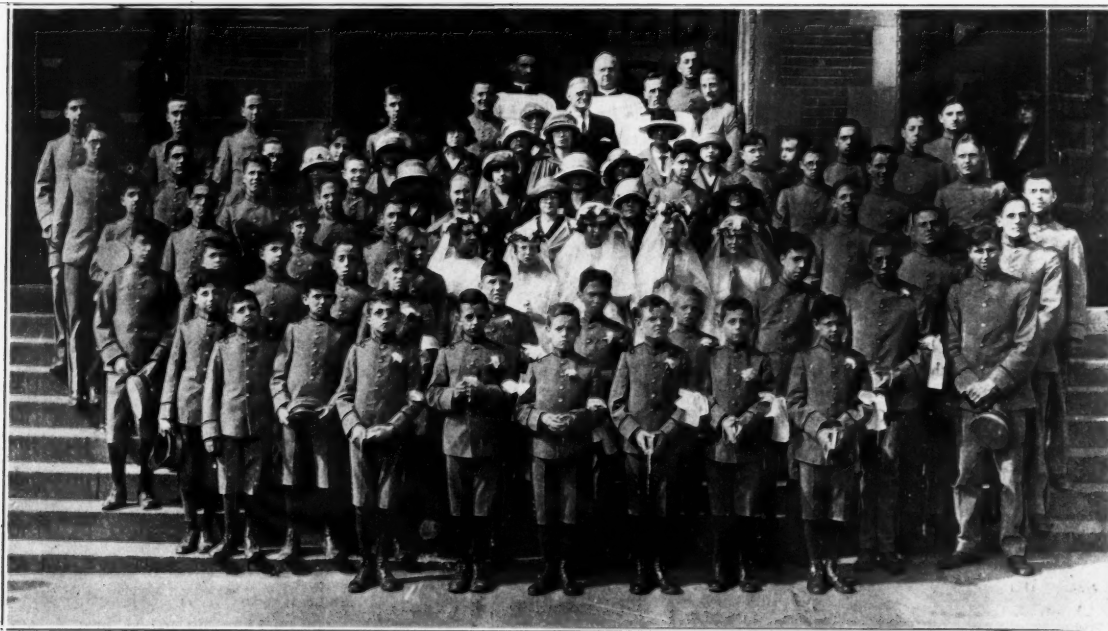
We told him we had the honor of being right at home, as we were New Yorkers, and then he told us, as proudly as could be that he was from Montana, and had come to see the fight, after which he edified his "ladifrens" evidently showing off his ability to talk to deaf people. Both of us can talk orally, neither of us did, as that would have discounted something in his standing with the girls. When 157th Street was reached he bid us all adieu, and besides the heavy air first mentioned in the beginning, he left, also, a tangible air of the Bon Homme of Montana.

"Deaf Man hears by Radio," and all its variations, clipped

from different publications, is the subject of many an article I get from thoughtful friends, some of them half apologetic with explanations that they hope they are not intruding, or that they are not offending, and all telling that they hope it's true and that I will hear if I try it. I am sure in this respect I share this frequent experience with many other deaf people, and that they, in turn, reply with the tidings that no totally deaf person has ever heard, either by radio, or through any other agency, for the thing is impossible. Also one must need explain that these wonderful results via Radio are achieved with more or less hard of hearing subjects. Often the tales are embellished with weaved-in stories how the deaf person had to learn over again what sound meant, but even if this were true, it is inconceivable to me that any one, once having heard, should ever forget sounds and their import. Once I tested a new device to aid the deaf, and I told a famous educator of the deaf, who was acting as assistant to the inventor, that I felt vibrations, but that there was neither words nor music in the song that was being played for my benefit. He ought to have known better, but he insisted that I had forgotten, and must learn over again, all of which was ridiculous. Even after 43 years of total deafness I can hum, after a fashion, a half hundred songs and hymns that I knew in my boyhood, and if I heard any of them played I would surely be able to identify them, so learning it all over again was just so much "bunk." The situation is exactly the same as if a person should lose his sight for a long period of years, and then have it restored. Would he have to learn what the name of the animal was if he came across a cow? Rather crude I know, but it illustrates the idea.

In speaking of the attendance record at Atlanta, in the Convention story, and mention of the fact that several had attended all but one, and all but two of the Conventions, I made the careless statement that it would be a long time before anything like it would repeat. Of course there will never be anything like it, and with the passing of the Old Guard, the new generation isn't as faithful. For instance, in the big Atlanta attendance, there were not more than thirty people who had also been present at Detroit three years ago, and not more than twenty who had been present at the Hartford meeting six years ago, and of this twenty and the previously mentioned thirty, a large percentage were the New Yorkers, who as a collective whole, go the longest distance to all the N. A. D. Conventions.

Just a year ago, as I was leaving for the swing around the circle that had been arranged for me, I got two letters of advice from deaf friends, one a clergyman, and both of them experienced travelers. Both wrote me to avoid accepting personal hospitalities, except from near and dear friends, and in every instance to get the freedom and independence of a hotel. Both gave experiences that emphasized what they were telling me. The minister told me he had very often been up late at night when he was dead for sleep, and next morning awakened to partake of a six o'clock breakfast when he was still far from rested, and if he had been at a hotel, he could have retired and got up when it suited him. As between being killed by kindness and being a free agent he'd far rather pay a hotel bill. There is a whole lot in it, as I know, and for that reason enjoyed the more the story in a recent *American Magazine* by a clergyman who had gone into business to get away from all these things and a great many others that go with it.



FIRST COMMUNION CLASS OF FANWOOD PUPILS ATTENDING SUNDAY SCHOOL AT ST. ROSE OF LIMA'S CHURCH

Beginning with a class of five boys and girls, some fifteen years ago, the late Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J., as Director of the Xavier Ephpheta Society, established a Sunday School class for the Catholic pupils at the Church of St. Rose of Lima, attending the Fanwood School. Today the class numbers 75 or more. The photo shows the pupils grouped in front of the church, with the first Communicants in the foreground. In the background is the Rev. Dr. John R. Mahoney, rector; Rev. Joseph A. McCaffrey, in charge of the Deaf; Rev. John Hester, assistant, and Mr. John F. O'Brien, a Fanwood graduate, instructor since the school was opened. At the present time, Mr. Thomas J. Cosgrove and Mr. Jere V. Fives alternate directing the Catechical instruction. Associated with them as teachers are Mrs. Anna Collins, Mrs. Richard Drennan, Miss E. Baumstein; Messrs. Saracione, McGovern, Bonvalion, McCarthy and Mazzola, the last two senior Fanwood cadets. Father McCaffrey is chaplain of Corrigan Council, K. of C., and through the courtesy of that organization, the whole school are annual guests at the K. of C. club house, where a sumptuous breakfast is served.

Roth Studios, 2122 Amsterdam Ave.

Athletics at Gallaudet

By TED GRIFFING



O ATTEMPT to do the above subject "up nice and brown" is just about as hard as trying to drink in the flow of words from the fingers of two signers, both at the same time. Yet it does no harm to try anything once providing you will live to see another day, so to speak.

Gallaudet has experienced a most disastrous slump in athletics within the past five years due, mainly, to lack of sufficient material and to the fact that most of the colleges we stacked up against were far beyond our class when the number of respective students is taken into consideration. It is an old, old story, so we need not review the heart rendering "breaks of the game" we have had to endure all these years.

There are many who have not hesitated to heap up abuse on the team, on the coach, on the college; we take it from them because they know no better. Others have taken great pains to encourage us, to make us see that such hard luck can not long endure when there is determination and spirit in our ranks. We love them for their interest, their loyalty, and it is because of them that we fight all the harder. We are happy to say that the former class is in the minority.

Gallaudet has always experienced success on the gridiron, no matter whether the team is great or small in poundage. And some of our players rank among the best in the South Atlantic collegiate circles. How can a small college hope to select a team from about seventy men students that could take the measure of some university team where as many as three hundred men report for the football squad? Yet Gallaudet has done it—done it time and again. At least that is something! And now do you not agree that we are justified in holding our heads high even in defeat?

This year's football team has proven to be one of the best in many years. With such men as Langenberg, Lahn and others

on the field to take care of opponents, we could afford to breathe easily. Western Maryland defeated us in the opening game only because our men did not care to indulge in fistic play. And our defeat at the hands of the famous Quantico Marines is nothing to be ashamed of. The same can be said of the Gettysburg College game. We won four straight victories from St. Joseph's, Camp Meade Tank Corps, Drexel, and Randolph-Macon. They were won by virtue of superior team-work and hard, clean play. We expect much of the 1924 team.

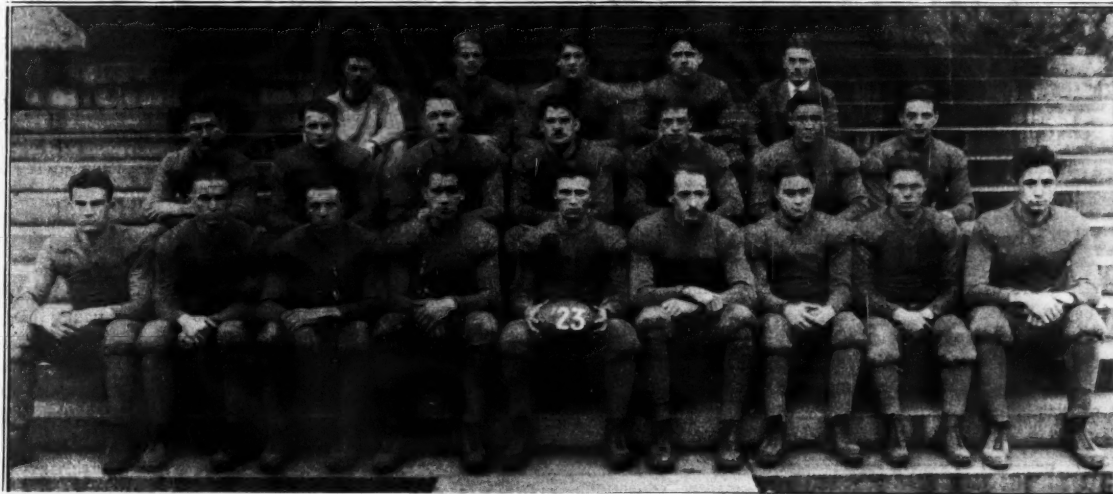
Gallaudet has always been able to turn out a good basketball team, for the very simple reason that the kids can play on the court with the best of them. Last year after a bad start, the team settled down to steady play and annexed three straight wins from the strong St. John's Lebanon Valley, and Lynchburg quintets. Our victory over Lebanon Valley was something we had been unable to accomplish for several years and the margin of our win was even greater than that of Georgetown's which also defeated Lebanon Valley. George Washington defeated us in a listless game early in the season and later on Lynchburg gave the G. W. lads as neat a licking as ever seen on the court. That was good news to us because we had defeated Lynchburg the previous night. This year we expect a record season, because most of the old men are back and there is promising material in the new class.

Baseball sees us at our worst—we just can't win a ball game, no matter how hard we try. Our team can hit, field and play general good ball, yet we lose. Why? That's an unsolved question. No one knows. Perhaps it is because our opponents can do all that we can just a little bit better. Last year we lost almost all of our games by one-run margins. The University of Maryland won us twice, 8 to 7, and 5 to 4; the Quantico Marines also took our measure twice, 15 to 14, and 6 to 7.



1923 BASKETBALL TEAM

Top row, left to right—Hughes, coach; Lahn, Stern, Guffing, mgr. Bottom row—La Fountain, Boatwright, Boynes, capt.; Bradley, Davis.



GALLAUDET 1923 FOOTBALL TEAM

We also lost games by a single tally to Pennsylvania Military College, Blue Ridge College, Drexel Institute. This year we should have a different story to tell.

Lack of sufficient funds handicaps our work on the track, on the mat, and on the tennis court. But in the few track meets that have been held, Gallaudet has more than held her own against many larger colleges. We have seen some mighty fine men grapple on the mat and several have been sent to Baltimore to take part in the South Atlantic I. A. A. finals. We are not so good at tennis, still one or two of the boys are first class players.

The co-eds have always shone at basket-ball—we honestly believe our lassies to be superior to teams representing larger colleges than ours. Sandberg is an all-round athlete; we are sorry she is not a boy! There are others who make things

mighty interesting for Sandy and who help to make winning teams possible. If ever the co-eds challenge the boys to a tennis match, our money is on the girls' team. Yes, we might feel inclined to give odds!

In all, athletics at Gallaudet are "thumbs up;" fact is, they have always been. Success does not depend on how many victories the team is able to chalk up. We are always willing to take our hats off to a team that plays cleanly, that gives it's all, that smiles in the face of defeat, and that goes into the next game ready to "do or die." That's the Gallaudet spirit—and we love it!

Rickety rackety
Zis boom bah!
Gallaudet, Gallaudet,
Rah! rah! rah!



CUP WON BY GALLAUDET AT DUAL TRACK MEET BETWEEN GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY AND GALLAUDET COLLEGE

ATHLETICS FOR GIRLS

By EMMA SOLLBERGER

(Physical Director of Girls, Illinois School for the Deaf)



THLETICS and the various forms of physical education are just as much a part of an educational curriculum today as are such subjects as English and Mathematics. No intelligent person today attempts to deny that athletics under proper supervision are of value for the healthy development of girls as of boys.

But they must be so conducted that they inspire the acquiring of health habits, the foundation stone to other achievements. Professor William James commends the adoption of a religion of "healthmindedness," in which we renounce all wrong or diseased mental states, cultivating only the healthy ones, as courage, patience, optimism and reverence.

Speaking of the intimate relations that mental education holds to the physical, Grote says that among the ancient Greeks one-half of all education was devoted to the body. And Galton, commenting on this states, "that the old Greeks as much excelled us as we do the Hottentots. They held that if all around physical perfection were cultivated, moral and mental excellence would follow and that without this national culture rested on an insecure basis."

"In our days," says Stanley Hall, "with its increasing nervous strain there are many new reasons to believe that the best nations of the future will be those which give most intelligent care to the body."

The average teacher, so far, has not grasped the significance of the education of bodily proficiency. It is necessary for us clearly to distinguish the fact that physical education cannot be separated from mental training and from the development of will power. Bodily efficiency, healthy growth and an organic feeling of strength not only are fundamental so far as mental efficiency and character development are concerned, but bodily activity itself becomes the mainspring in mental development and in the development of will power.

Exercising the will is of great importance. Many of our young people, especially the girls, are brought up too well protected. Will is exercised every time a decision is made, so that our athletic work and games prove of first importance in that they require frequent decisions by the players.

Our girls in educational institutions are getting their preparation for life—leaders in homemaking, in the creative arts, in fact in all mental activities which require a sound physical, moral and spiritual foundation. What are we accomplishing in developing a strong desire for right life equipment?

The efforts made to meet the need are far below its acknowledgment in theory; especially in our schools for the deaf. Well balanced physical education programs are still in their infancy with us. They ought to be well organized and in splendid running order, for we have a wonderful opportunity to have our pupils develop as they should from infancy to adult life, following the most approved scientific methods.

The best trained and equipped teachers are still conspicuous by their absence from our payrolls. It is essential that our beginnings be made under able leadership, well versed in the educational theories and aims, past and present, one who knows how to develop all the capacities contained in the pupils. For the work of any school depends for its best outcome upon the spirit, the ideals, the points of view, that the teachers bring to their daily tasks. A strong teacher with a personality is of greater value to a school than the most learned "pedagogue."

Physical education and playground teachers come in much closer contact with the physical life of children and adults than the teachers of other subjects do. They see difference in action and reaction based on sex that must be understood by them if real education is to take place.

The "emotionally dangerous" years of a woman's life are between fourteen and twenty-two. The healthy young body must be tired out every day to develop into wholesome, attractive, rugged types. This is as true for girls as for boys. The only cure for hysterics, silliness, self-consciousness, a morbid desire for admiration of the opposite sex and the long list of failings which are written largely against women, is an adequate motor outlet.

Girls will bubble over at times. It depends upon parents and teachers as to how this bubbling over shall be done. Give a girl all the chance she wants to express herself in motion and in words and she no longer is a problem.

No girl fresh from a swim, smart walk, a game of baseball, basket-ball or tennis, was ever lured into dangerous company. Questional amusements have no morbid attractions for the girl who spends an hour in the gymnasium or playground. Weak willed girls, that is, those whose emotions are beyond their control, need to vent their feelings in something fantastic, such as dancing or the spectacular, like swimming, tennis and apparatus work.

There is a great difference in the reaction of boys and girls to the same stimuli. Boys like strenuous activities; spasmodic bursts of bodily energy, whereas girls like activities of greater evenness and less violent expenditure of energy. This being due to the fact that the male cell is the active cell and the female cell is inclined to be a well-nourished cell and disinclined to be active. Only time and scientific study will prove whether it is the wise course to encourage girls to undertake strenuous physical activities and to live in the spirit of male ideals, which do not appear to be in harmony with the fundamentals of their nature but which modern times make a demand for. The twentieth century calls for women that can co-operate and compete—that know the principle of good sportsmanship—and these qualities are not developed in scholastic activities.

At the present time, male and female are beginning to acquire each others traits, so we need a new form of education for both. But it does not seem likely that the paths by which men and women reach the final goal of "devotion to the common good" will ever be the same paths. We each have a distinctive sphere and cannot be expected to act alike.

Whatever has been proven to be of benefit to the normal child is doubly so needed by the defective and tainted one, if given in the right way, and should be used. Each child must be given a chance to grow up in a healthful environment and should be taught the wish to be well and to lead healthful lives. The deaf child is very little handicapped after a thorough introduction into the gymnasium work, and can attain as high a standard as the normal child. Our deaf girls should be as graceful, forceful and energetic looking as any normal athletic type in everyday life.

Exhibitions, pageants, *et cetera*, serve their purpose, too, but the psychological effect upon ourselves and others by our daily appearance cannot be overlooked—

"Your appearance as you pass is your message to most of the world."

And what has greater attraction than radiant health with
(Continued on page 182)

THE KENTUCKY CENTENNIAL

By H. MUELLER



HE AMERICAN COLONISTS had just carried their bloody dispute for independence from the mother country to a successful conclusion. Peace declared, they turned their energies towards tilling the soil. That is, most of them did. A few set out to perfect the system of politics that has become such a bore to us of today. Others went west to do some more fighting—this time against the redskins who would not agree to the dictum that this was a white man's country.

Among these latter was a family named Barbee. Hailing from Virginia, they were naturally fighters to the youngest male of them, which youngest male was Elias Barbee. He and his folks came to a place called Stonypoint, Kentucky. We are told that Stonypoint was so called from the fact that it was a stone's throw from what is now Danville, Kentucky. Be that as it may, we are not concerned with a resume of the American War of Revolution, nor with the origin of town names. But Elias Barbee must needs be given a prominent place in the annals the education of the deaf in Kentucky. For to come to the point, Elias had a daughter named Lucy who was as deaf as any of us.

Elias Barbee decided that his girl needed education. The backwoods teachers of that day did not know how to handle deaf children. But that did not stump General Barbee. He had heard of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, and the rest was to follow in natural course of events. He proved himself as adept as handling the legislature as he was at handling his troops, and it was due to his energetic work that the first State School for the deaf in America was established at Danville, Ky.

Now, we are approaching the subject proper of this sketch. In April, 1823, the Kentucky School for the Deaf was so formally opened with a class of three pupils. By November, the total had swelled to eighteen. The ages of the pupils ranged

all the way from twelve to thirty. And the youngest of them was not Miss Lucy Barbee. Her parents acknowledge she was twenty-four.

Rev. John R. Kerr was the first superintendent, his administration extending from 1823 to 1833. His successors have been as follows: Luke Munsell, 1833 to 1835; John A. Jacobs, Sr., 1835 to 1869; John A. Jacobs, Jr., 1869 to 1879; David C. Dudley, 1879 to 1884; William K. Argo, 1884 to 1894; John E. Ray, 1894 to 1896; Augusta Rogers, 1896 to today.

Rev. Mr. Kerr knew absolutely nothing about teaching the deaf, but he had put his hand to the plow, and he stuck. He went after the best teachers obtainable, and speedily got the desired results.

Looking over the list one will see that the school has had but eight superintendents covering a span of one hundred years. Messrs. Keer, and the two Jacobs died in harness at Danville, Messrs. Dudley and Argo had to leave on account of poor health. The latter two went to Colorado and in time assumed the superintendency of the school there. Mr. Ray also served as superintendent of that school, which leaves a point to the imagination of the reader as to their qualifications along that line.

One commendable thing about the management of the Kentucky School has been its freedom from political interferences. Not once has it been subject to the spoils system. The party in power has always seen fit to observe the rule of letting well enough alone in the management of the school.

Now comes the year of our Lord, 1923. The school has completed one hundred years of noble work among our kindred. Not only for Kentucky's own deaf, but for those of neighboring States further south. For did not Kentucky take in a number of pupils from those States before they established schools of their own?



LOUISVILLE FRATS AT THE KENTUCKY CONVENTION



CENTENNIAL REUNION, KENTUCKY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, AUGUST 31-SEPTEMBER 4, 1923

In celebration whereof, the Eighth Reunion of the Kentucky Association of the Deaf took place August 31, September 1, 2 and 3. The spirit of the occasion requires some other name be given to the reunion, so we will call it what it was, the Centennial Reunion of the K. A. D.

On Friday morning, every train stopping at Danville dumped a host of deaf men and women, and the conquest of the town by the deaf of Kentucky and neighboring States was on. In the afternoon, George Morris McClure, B. A., president of the Association, presided at his watch, and at promptly two o'clock, banged his gavel on the desk. The following program was carried out.

Invocation, Dr. Francis Jacobs Cheek, of Danville.

"America," Miss Helen Wood, of Louisville.

Address of welcome in behalf of the school, Dr. Augustus Rogers.

Address of welcome in behalf of the Board of Commissioners, Hon. P. M. McRoberts, of Stanford.

Response in behalf of the Association, Mr. Littleton A. Long of Devil's Lake, N. D.

President's address, Mr. McClure.

It was indeed highly appropriate that Dr. Cheek was present. He was one of our first Institution babies, was raised among the deaf, and to this day has displayed a kindly interest in the deaf.

Miss Wood's rendition of America was a decided departure from the usual bombastic style of delivery. She gave it in clear, understandable signs.

Mr. McRoberts, a typical Kentucky colonial, white haired, with a flowing mustache and eyebrows to match, spoke in a happy vein, regarding the pleasure he and his associates on the Board had in looking after the school. And he dwelt with considerable pride on the fact that though governors and political parties came and went, yet the high quality of the men on the Board was never disturbed. Which we all knew to be true.

Only those who have seen Dr. Rogers speak can appreciate his address. Many an eye glistened with sentiment at his words. We will quote a few sentences from his address:

"I remember many of you as little boys and girls with tear-stained eyes away from mother and father for the first time, and in many cases as homesick as children could be under the circumstances.

"And I remember how soon you became reconciled and adjusted to your new surroundings here, and how quickly those tear-stained eyes changed into smiles as you began to realize what you were here for.

"And then, too, I remember how the years passed by, and you grew into young manhood and womanhood, and stood upon this platform on that eventful night called "Commencement," when you boys dressed in your best Sunday suits and you girls in white dresses and slippers stood up, made your bows, and recited your pieces, and received your reward for years of hard study—your diplomas."

Speaking of the pioneers who founded the school and did such unselfish work for the education of the deaf child he said:

"They were altruists to the heart's core, living not for themselves, but for others, and the good they did will live on and on through the years to come."

Mr. Long, one of Kentucky's most renowned deaf sons, left no doubt where his heart lay, even though for a score and more years he has been teaching in North Dakota.

Mr. McClure's address was a masterpiece by a master mind. Not the least pertinent passage of his speech referred to the proneness of graduates of schools to criticise the affairs of their alma maters, well meant, perhaps, but nonetheless frequently doing more harm than good. But Kentucky has been singularly fortunate in this respect. Its graduates know they never have had any reasonable ground for complaint, the policy of the school ever having been to prove all things, adhering to

the best of the old system, and adapting such of the newer ones as fit in with our needs." And he did not fail to caution us to be on our guard against discriminative legislation that might be attempted at the next session of the General Assembly, along lines put across in other States. A legislative committee was later on appointed, and a legislative fund subscribed. The press committee collared the Associated press agencies in Danville and gained their promise to render every bit of assistances should such legislation be attempted. The Louisville *Herald* and the Louisville *Courier-Journal* have already taken sides with us against that Auto Law that is to be brought up this winter. Let 'em bring it up, we are ready for them.

That concluded the regular program for the day, and then, the frats promptly took possession of the chapel and cleared it of all but frats in good standing. Messrs. McClure and Fosdick were then obligated as social members in the presence of over 125 frats from fifteen divisions. That done with, they donned their red hats, formed in line, two abreast, and marched through the main streets of the town. Many a ducky who saw those red hats scurried for cover under the false impression that it was a parade of Klu Klux Klanners. Charley Moran, coach of Centre College's famous football team, saw the boys and heaved a sigh, muttering, "Wish to heaven I had some of those huskies on my team this fall."

By the way, we do not think many persons outside of Kentucky know that for over fifty years the Kentucky school was under the guardianship of the same board that looked after Centre College. Such, however, is the fact. There is a tie between K. S. D. and Centre College as thick as the tie between David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, the oak and the ivy, and the one-time beer and free lunch.

Friday evening, Dr. and Mrs. Rogers, assisted by the officers, gave a reception to the Association. Fashion was on parade on that occasion, evening dress being the rule instead of the exception as might have been expected.

Saturday morning a rare treat was in store for those who had not seen it before—the exhibition of the N. A. D. moving pictures. We saw our old teachers MacGregor, Hotchkiss, Draper and that incomparable Edward Miner Gallaudet. Here is the answer to the lament that "the old signs are disappearing forever." Let every school for the deaf in the country buy a set of those films and reel them off every now and then, and the youngster who is busy with his slangy gestures will soon learn better and the language of the old masters gain a new lease of life.

Immediately after this show, another was staged. This time it was in real life on the campus of the school. Messrs. Payne and Martin and Miss Woolsey had arranged a program of athletic events, ranging from twenty-five yard dashes for fat men to longer ones for the skinnier men, and various events for the ladies and youngsters of whom a good number were present. But we wish to put ourselves on record here that we do not think much of the old time sprinters if they ran the way Prof. Long did in the fat men's race. The idea of tripping the man next to him. And then, he was at least fifty pounds out of the classifications governing. But maybe we are too modern.

We might add that the field day was an event wished upon the local committee by the visitors. The committee did its durnedest, offering two prizes in each event. The hundred yard dash for men was really an obstacle race, for half of the sprinters measured their lengths on the ground before they had traversed fifteen feet. Those who were most proficient in hurdling were the ones who got the bacon.

The watermelon eating contest was one grand little joke. There was not a single decent watermelon left in Boyle County, the niggers out there having raided with patch within miles. Such melons as were left reminded us of pickled beets, they sure did look sickly enough. But the contestants were game. The town drugstores reported a rushing business in the afternoon.

As we said before there were races for everyone, for the men,

for the ladies, for the kiddies, for the lame, the halt, and the palsied, there was fun galore and guffaws by the score (wow, what a slip), and the press representatives who were present did their duty the way they saw it. They saw to it that we got write-ups on the front pages of all papers in the State.

Lest we forget, there was also a Mutt and Jeff contest. Peter Noll, that seven-footer from Lewisburg won the Mutt prize, an alarm clock. In spite of the fact that it fit very nicely in his vest pocket, Peter did not seem to appreciate his token. You see, he has a trained rooster that flies into his room at home bright and early every morning and pecks at his ear until he wakes up. Ollis P. Cundiff, of Louisville, won the Jeff end of the contest after a spirited measuring up. His four feet two inches made it extremely difficult walking for others—they were continually stepping on him. And one of the town belles said: "Isn't that a cute little child, wearing those long pants?" Wonder what she would have said if she knew Ollie was a benedict of three months' standing.

Saturday afternoon the century old feud between the Almost-Wassers and the Never-Wassers was settled by a ball game. We do not know which team won. We were busy at the McClure's reception. But we are told that one side drafted Billy Hoy while it was ten runs ahead. As soon as the other team saw Billy, they spat blood, and when the accountants sent in their report, it was seen that they had made forty seven runs. Billy's team came back with about sixty, but something slipped on the office adding machine, and to this day we are not sure whether one side made as many runs as the other, or less, or just as many. Messrs. Max Marcossan and Sam Taylor acted as umpires, and we'll tell the world they formed a great team at passing the buck.

We had very little time to take in the fun. To us it was a business trip. We had our hands full expounding the gospel of N. F. S. D'ism to the non-members present. We made a fairly good haul. The photo of the frats present will tell the reader what a figure they cut. There were fifteen divisions represented at the reunion.

Saturday evening something new in the line of entertainment was offered. Mr. McClure announced it as "Stunts." That is what it was. Stunts of all imaginable varieties. If there had been any vaudeville agents present, there would now be a team of deaf vodvill artists on the road. Mimics, songs, dances, cornet solos, an act by the institution cats that shook the building to its very foundations, a hide and seek exhibition by three bats, were but part of the fun. Mr. Fancher's cornet work convinced the few remaining doubting Tommies that it is not entirely absurd to think of a deaf man playing a musical instrument.

For the first time in the history of Kentucky reunions, there was no service by a deaf minister on Sunday. Many had been called, but none came. What was the matter? Is a centennial above the efforts of a deaf spellbinder? The institution authorities drafted Dr. Cheek, and he came. He asked that he be allowed to speak orally, having an interpreter for the deaf. But that was vetoed; he knew enough of the sign language to make himself understood. After listening to his words, we must candidly say that the Association did not suffer by the failure of a deaf minister to show up. Nevertheless, we would like to know why.

Sunday afternoon, the twenty or so deaf auto owners present gave an exhibition of their abilities as chauffeurs by driving out to High Bridge, Shakertown, Dix River, and other points of interest.

Sunday evening, a memorial service was held for the departed members of the association. Among the speakers were Messrs. Fugate, Marcossan, McClure, and Mrs. Mueller.

Monday morning, the first and only business meeting of the association was held. Only two items of importance were up, the selection of a meeting place for the next reunion and the election of officers. Louisville was put up, also Danville, for the next gathering. Danville won in a canter by a vote of

about 75 to 1. Not at all daunted by this defeat, Louisville went after the presidency of the association, nominating Patrick Dolan. No one else had the courage to run against this gallant old patriarch, and he won 299 to 1, the lone vote in the opposition being from a young lady fresh from college who wanted to see a high brow thus honored. Nay, young lady, nay. In Kentucky they care not to look for what degrees you may possess before they honor you, it is what you are personally, that and what you do gets you anything. Pat having been elected the rest of the executive ticket was put across as follows: First vice-president, Gordon Kannapell, Louisville; Second vice-president, Edgar Hay, Covington; Third vice-president, R. W. Broaddus, Lexington; Recording secretary, Max Marcossion, Danville; Corresponding secretary, C. P. Fosdick, Danville; Treasurer, Mrs. Max Marcossion, Danville.

Adjournment *sine die* was then taken. One of the many humorists (?) present asked the chair "When do we eat?" Ruled out of order, because the motion to adjourn could not be discussed.

Monday evening brought the banquet. You may speak of such affairs pulled off by the N. F. S. D. and the N. A. D. at their respective conventions. But to those who have not been fortunate to attend the K. A. D. banquets, we will tell this much—we can pull them off with as much gusto, as much flow of wit, as little friction, and a superlative of kammeraderie as any of them. We regret that Alex. Pach was not present. He would have seen a chickenless banquet for once. We are speaking of the barnyard variety. Of the other kind there were enough present to give Flo Ziegfeld a number of sleepless nights. Mr. McClure acted as toastmaster. The following were the toasts and responses:

Auld Lang Syne.....	Mrs. T. A. Ogilvie.
"Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight."	
Visions	Mr. F. G. Fancher.
"Coming events cast their shadows before."	
The Exiles	Mr. L. A. Long.
"He gazed afar, With eyes of old desire."	
Our Neighbors	Mr. Jesses T. Warren.
"After you, my dear Alfonso."	
The Old Woman and the New.....	Mrs. W. E. Hoy.
"Sisters, under their skins."	
Our Alma Mater	Mr. G. G. Kannapell.
"To whom we owe The better share of all we know."	
Goodbye	Dr. Augustus Rogers.
"Pax Vobiscum."	

The eats were all that could be desired. The addresses surpassed our fondest expectations. Starting with Mrs. Ogilvie, who made even the dignified colored waiters roar with her inimitable rendition of the old "cullud pahson" who could neither read nor write, yet preached inspiring sermons, explaining it "I opens my mouf and de Lawd he done supply de words," down to Dr. Rogers, there was not a dull moment anywhere. Midway between the speeches, Messrs. G. Kannapell and LaFountain gave an exhibition of "two-in-one" talking. Mr. LaFountain supplied the facial expressions to signs which Mr. Kannapell would make standing behind LaFountain, his arms thrust under LaFountain. It was a perfect display of team work, and highly appreciated.

The banquet over, farewells were started. Early in the morning starting at four-thirty, the exodus would begin. Every train up to noon would take its quota. Good night, a few winks. "Hey, wait a minute." The minutes went by unnoticed, an in the morning there were but three or four beds that had been used. The first centennial reunion of the first State school for the Deaf in the country had come to a close. Ay,

"parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good night until it be good sorrow."

Mr. Fancher said that "coming events cast their shadows before." And so they did. On Tuesday morning, the world

was shocked to hear of the Japanese earthquake. We do not know if the Washington earthquake detector caught it, but there was one at Danville right after the banquet. The waiters had loaded all the dishes, some 350 layouts, on one table, one of the few relics of 1823. Said the table unto itself, "This is too much for me in my old age", and stretched its legs. The din of the cracking, smashing dishes could be heard all over the institution, the damage was heavy. The earthquake in Japan occurred about the same time. Coincidence? Well, who knows?

ATHLETICS FOR GIRLS

(Continued from page 178)

abundant vitality? And what is Health but "reckless action," an ungrudging mood within, with boundaries prudently selected.

Teach, that if you cannot run a mile, run one hundred yards, ten or three, but run while you are about it. If you cannot work eight hours, work four, two or three or in five minute spurts.

But while working give your whole soul to it.

Teach, that one must put forth effort and *do*. The world is full of people who are always "going" to do something.

MANY ON HONOR ROLL

Representatives of 19 colleges and universities of the United States are honored in the All-American intercollegiate swimming selections for the season of 1922-1923. Of the colleges represented in the honor ranking, Minnesota leads with eight members; Northwestern, the Conference champion, supplied six, while Yale, winner of the Eastern honors, is third with four representatives.

Chili holds the tennis championship of South America.



HELEN MENKEN, hearing daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Menken, who began acting at the age of five, and whose "Diane" in "Seventh Heaven" has been compared by able critics with the acting of Bernhardt and Duse.

THE ARGONAUT

By J. W. Howson



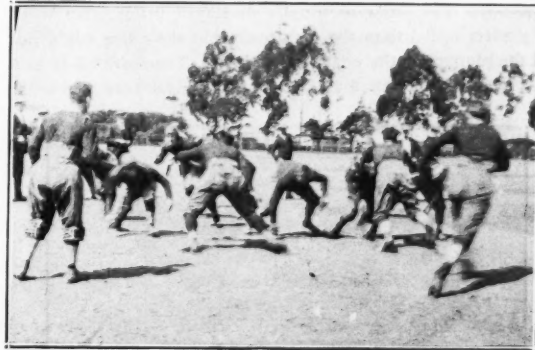
HE main topic of conversation at the Oakland Silent Athletic Club these days is the chances of the football team in the coming games. To date three games have been played. Starting out with a very promising outlook and an abundance of material the Silents won their first game. Then owing to numerous injuries and a rather ragged formation due to many changes in the line to replace injured players, the following two games were lost. After having triumphed over San Jose 6 to 0, they lost to Berkeley, 27 to 0, and to Vallejo, 19 to 9.

ply of graduates of the state school for the deaf and such of the deaf as may migrate to the coast from other points.

The Silents are a popular team, as is evinced by partially all the teams with which they played last year, seeking games this year. They usually play to good crowds, more than a thousand spectators being in attendance at times. This is a large crowd for the small towns in which club teams are usually found. The Silents need younger and hardier players than many of those now on the team. Too many of the present team have passed the age limit for football playing, some being well on the road to forty years of age, and when bruised



The Oakland Silents play to good crowds against club teams in the coast towns. This picture was taken at Vallejo and shows part of the more than one thousand people who witnessed the contest.

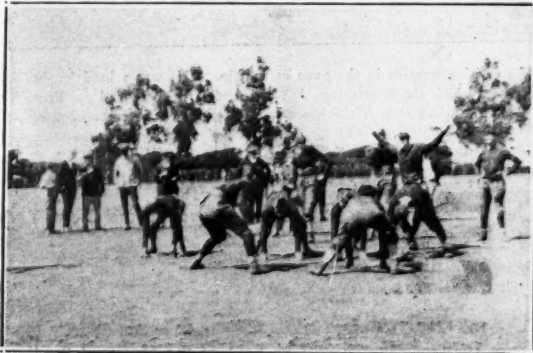


SCRIMMAGING

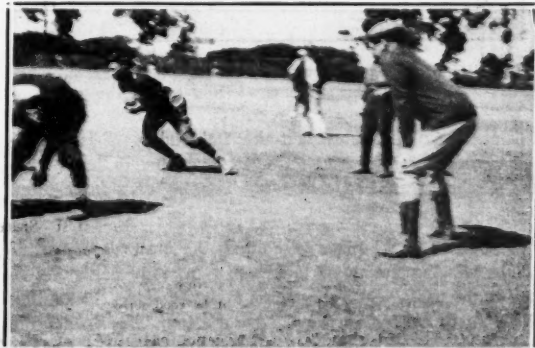
There is no doubt but that the Silents are stronger and heavier than last year, but so are the club teams. Football is now far in the lead as the fall sport in California and great advance has been made by the high schools in their form of play. These high schools which run a first squad of thirty or more men make excellent feeders for the club teams. On the other hand the Silents must draw for their players on the rather meager sup-

ply in a game they do not recover as readily as they did in their younger days. The Silents play a clean game and it is not uncommon to find the crowd in a strange town cheering as much for them as for the home team.

The annual Thanksgiving Day football between the Oakland Silent Athletic Club and the State School for the Deaf was played this year on California Field, on the University of



The Silents at scrimmage practice. The use of one of Oakland's playgrounds has been allotted to them for their Sunday morning practices.



Coach Horton on the job at Sunday morning practices.

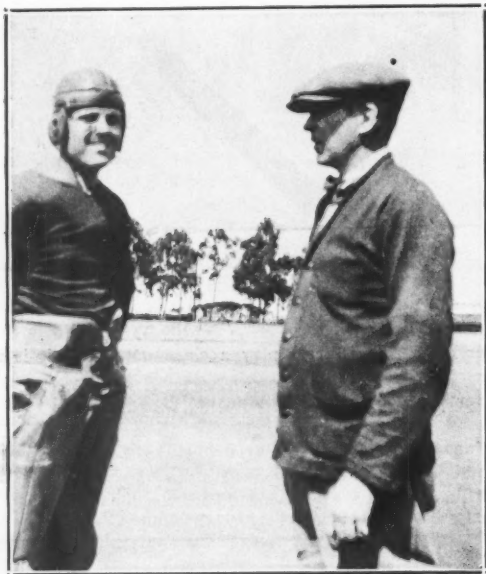


THE OAKLAND SILENTS FOOTBALL TEAM AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON

Left to right, top row—Dentici, California; Wear, Missouri; Turner, Kentucky; Duncan, Illinois; Jatta, California; Horton, coach; Lee, California; Sen-
cimino, California; McArtor, Washington; Seitz, California. Lower row—Little, Washington; Martucci, Oregon; Brodrick, California; Stanley, Texas;
Pike, North Carolina; Camara, California; Boam, California; Newman, New York; Hood, Washington; Young, California.

California campus. It resulted in a rather easy win for the Oakland team, who considerably outweighed the lighter school boys. The latter as usually displayed better team work and greater speed than the club team, but their line could not hold the plunges of the heavy Silent backs. The score of 18 to 6 this year as contrasted to that of 9 to 7 last year which the

concerned. The Frats received early invitation for the scene of the next convention and bidding is keen, so that the location can be decided while delegates are assembled in convention. With the Nad the location must be left to the Executive Committee which often canvasses for the most suitable meeting place. At present under the impression that some sort of celebration is to be held in Philadelphia in 1926, most fingers are pointed toward the City of Brotherly Love as the probable place for the next Nad convention. Several western cities and towns have through the press asked that they be considered as possible meeting places, and it would seem to the writer that a western location should be given serious consideration and that bids from locations which have not previously entertained the Nad should be encouraged.



Coach Horton talking it over with Captain Lee of the Silents, Mr. Horton was once captain of the Gallaudet team.

Silents also won, indicates that the Oakland team is gradually becoming stronger and stronger. Previous to last year's game the school team had won every Thanksgiving day contest.

Discussion as to the place of holding the next convention of the National Association of the Deaf is already beginning to appear in the press. Such discussion always follows the holding of the current convention of the association. This is not the procedure where the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf is



An exciting moment in the game at Vallejo. This was a hard fought contest which the Silents lost, but the cordial welcome and excellent treatment which they received, removed all bitterness from the sting of defeat.

\$50,000 FOR MCGRAW

John J. McGraw's salary as manager of the New York Giants is estimated at \$50,000 a year.

OLYMPIC TRIAL MEET

The final track and field trials for the Olympic athletic team to represent this country will be held at the Harvard Stadium in Cambridge, Mass., on June 13 and 14.

Mental Attitude



Mr. A. has just finished his breakfast which he has thoroughly enjoyed. He takes up his newspaper for a quiet fifteen minutes perusal. Suddenly he notes that a client has gone smash. The satisfaction brought by his good breakfast vanishes, and he goes to business in an unhappy frame of mind. Mr. B. has not enjoyed his breakfast; it has not been cooked to his satisfaction. He opens his newspaper morosely, and suddenly notes that wheat has gone up two points. At once he forgets his badly prepared breakfast and goes to business in a happy frame of mind. A tourist on a long walking tour is delighted with the fine weather he is having. The farmers in the vicinity thru which he is touring are in despair because of the long drought and its effect on their crops.

The world for each of us is as we think it is. There is a correspondence between the things we see, hear, touch, taste, and smell, but we look at them from different standpoints. The world for each of us is our world; it is what we think it is. Millions of men, women and children, look out each morning on their world. To some, it is a glad world, a beautiful world, a happy world. To others it is a sorrowful world, an ugly world, a miserable world. It is such a world because they think it so. You need not to look unless it is in the right way, for as your thoughts make the world, miserable or pleasurable to you, so can your thoughts transform it into a happy world for you. How is this to be done? The reply is by learning to control your thoughts. Anger thoughts need not always make you angry. Thoughts can turn a brave man into a timid man; a strong man into a weak man; a cheerful man into a sad man; a proud, domineering man into a humble, object cringing man.

Now you are deaf and dumb. You feel somewhat like a mental unfortunate, as the hearing people naturally call you, as you can not hear. To some deaf it is a sad world; to some others a lonely world; to some a contented world. Well, you happen to stay deaf and dumb, and do not wish to be one of the sad. You must cultivate a contented attitude. "Well, I am really deaf and dumb. I am going to make it the stepping stone to my real career. I am not going to allow it to fill me with despair. I am going to live in hope of the real thing turning up. I am going to win in spite of all odds."

You, deaf, must come out and go ahead. Let everybody take a good look at you and know you are deaf. If you want to succeed in anything you seek, you must show yourself up. Try to make acquaintance or advertise yourself by going to church, theatre, parties and picnics. You can force people to talk about you and be interested in you. Pretty soon success will come to you. But be careful to distinguish between gentle and wild actions. You visit and accompany friends. You must not be self-conscious, when people laugh in your presence. It has been well known that the deaf, on the whole, are highly self-conscious. You must learn to control yourselves and cast out self-consciousness. How is it to be done? The reply is, by learning to control your thoughts and feelings and to dodge the unnecessary troubles and fight, when one tries to irritate you. To dodge is to be pleasant and say to them, "You can talk well with me, come and have a talk."

You should remember about personality. Some people will not give you work, when your personality is distasteful or repellant. Some hearing persons whose personality is repellant can not get work. You can scarcely succeed in your business when your personality repels. You are what you think you are. Be careful about your personality. It is much better to stay away in a small town where people always know you. You could succeed better in business which you seek. People will come readily and help you. The lure of big cities is really a deception. To see bright lights does not amount to anything. For the deaf who go to cities purposely to drown their deafness and take refuge so people will not know them, there is no

hope, unless they are well-to-do. Deafness is certainly a misfortune in some ways because the deaf are somewhat exceptional. Hearing people always feel constrained to see how the deaf with education appear. They will never come and talk with you till you are ready to speak to them. Let them get familiar with you, and it will be a bright world.

CLAIBOURNE F. JACKSON.

The Deaf and the Automobile

In every contention made so far by deaf persons who claim the right to operate motor cars, emphasis has been laid upon the fact that hearing on the part of the driver is not essential to safety. That this is a sound view of the matter is borne out by an excellent editorial in the *New York Herald* of August 11, 1923, on the question of motorists at railroad crossings. This editorial quoted herewith, deserves careful analysis. Certain all-important words are here indicated in italics:

Within the last fortnight an unusual number of occupants of automobiles have lost their lives through accidents at railroad crossings, and the public attention these fatalities have received gives particular interest to a judicial definition of the duties of motor car drivers at railroad crossings recently framed by the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court, growing out of an accident at a New York Central railroad crossing, in which it was pleaded by the railroad that the decedent, whose estate sought damages for his death, was guilty of contributory negligence in that he did not obey the provisions of the "disc sign act." Under this act railroads operating in New York State must supply, and the public authorities must erect 300 feet from each grade crossing, disc signs to warn the motorists of the crossing.

The statute says "it shall be the duty of the driver of any vehicle using such street or highway and crossing to reduce speed to a safe limit upon passing such sign, and to proceed cautiously and carefully with the vehicle under complete control." In a previous decision the Appellate Court said:

"Hearing is an *unsafe protection*; the *best sense protection in the light is sight*. The safe limit to speed in approaching a crossing is that speed at which the driver of an automobile, as he arrives at a point where he can *see* an oncoming train, when it is near enough to render crossing ahead of it dangerous, can stop his car if necessary before he reaches the track. It is futile to look when one cannot see. If he cannot *see* without stopping, he must stop."

Supplementing this the Appellate Division says: "The safe limit is a limit at which, with his attention no longer distracted while controlling and directing his speeding motor car, he may *discern* the approaching train and stop his car before he is in the danger zone, namely the rack, which with the overhang of the cars means a width of only nine feet." The court adds:

"Accidents at grade crossings have increased to such an alarming extent since the advent of the automobile that the attention of the public and of the Legislature has been attracted. If the drivers of automobiles obey the intent of this statute, injuries at railroad crossings will be practically eliminated. It was the intention of the Legislature by this act that no driver of an automobile should come within the limits of the narrow strip occupied by a passing train at a time when he could collide with it; that he should not go within the danger zone until he could *see* that he could pass with safety. It is said if so strict a rule is laid down by this statute and upheld by the courts, that seldom if ever could a recovery be had for injuries received at a crossing. It is our view that if the drivers of automobiles obey this statute in its letter and its intent seldom if ever will injuries be suffered at a grade crossing. The price of safety by obedience to this statute means no more than three or four seconds of time, a small price for a life."

The victim of the smashup which gave rise to the action was held to have been guilty of contributory negligence and a verdict in favor of his estate was reversed.

Action taken by the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf at its meeting in Belleville, Ontario, June, 1923, with the adoption of the following resolution, gives further moral support to the deaf in their struggle against unjust discrimination:

WHEREAS, The Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf, representing state schools for the deaf, has been informed that the motor licensing authorities of several states have adopted rules that exclude deaf applicants from the examinations required for the issuance of automobile licenses on the ground that deafness incapacitates them from safely driving motor vehicles; and

WHEREAS, Our intimate knowledge of the psychology of deafness and our practical experience of its demonstration in hundreds of cases prove to us that, if anything, a deaf driver is less liable to accidents than one who depends upon hearing rather than upon sight; and

WHEREAS, Of the many deaf drivers known to our members, the number who have been involved in accidents attributable to deafness has been wholly negligible and the number of those who have been in accidents of any description has been far less in proportion than of drivers known to us to be in full possession of their hearing; and

WHEREAS, Humanity as well as duty would prompt us to oppose any liberty of action which we believe would endanger the life or limb of those who have been under our care and instruction; therefore be it

Resolved, That we emphatically protest against any restriction of issue of motor licenses based solely upon deafness.

Co-operation All Along The Line

(Delivered at the meeting of the National Association of the Deaf Convention Atlanta, Ga., August 17, 1923.)

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Among the important achievements of the past none shone more brilliantly than those in the field of co-operative work. Approximately one person out of every fifty thousand people has achieved wonderful individual success, because of exceptional ability, perseverance, and personality, but in most cases, say ninety-nine out of one hundred, the keynote to success is co-operation.

Frankly, the deaf have not been as co-operative as they should. There are different classes, each with its own ideas and previous bias of opinion of the other, which retards the close co-operation in the deaf unit which is so necessary to success. The same can be said of some individuals, too. They stand aloof, instead of being leaders and co-operation workers. There are some exceptionally well educated and extraordinarily brilliant persons, but they fail to become "Demosthenes" of the deaf, because they do not stop to investigate why their debuts were not appreciated. Fault-finding and unconstructive criticism seem to be favorites with some.

Any body can be a quitter and a knocker, but it takes a real man or woman to make a hard fight and a sacrifice, to achieve something worthwhile for the deaf. It is an unsolvable puzzle why some seem to prefer to be a stumbling block to the development of the deaf, and make for themselves the reputation as ones who disregard their moral obligation. What we see of a house is merely of a mass of building materials put together, but it takes considerable time, money, experience, and a number of good carpenters to make a good job of it. Now even only a cheap, worthless individual or a little child can apply a match and in few moments the whole house lays in ashes. Who is greater—the builder or the destroyer?

Think how much depends upon co-operation! Each of the individuals has his or her important work to do, and when working together harmoniously a splendid achievement can easily be done; otherwise nothing but a failure will result. No matter how great or how small our association is, we need the co-operation of our fellow people. We should give help and co-operation, in order to achieve something for our benefit, to reap the fruits of the success, and to know the joy of our lives.

Think of the Golden Rule and the fact that there is much

more good in working together and bringing out the best there is in our "competitor" than in a continual misrepresentation and wrangle, for in co-operation we can do our best. Let us all unite our efforts for common cause, especially in the National Association of the Deaf, with no dissipation of our energies from bickering or pretty jealousies, such as have hampered our progress as a whole in the past. Our association should be truly national in something more than name, and to accomplish this there should be co-operation all along the line, viz: in every department of our activities—in the National Association of the Deaf and in every other association or society for the deaf. We should present a solid front to the opposition, if we are to win in these days of efficient organization. Any class of people that wakes up and acts as a class can work out its own salvation. What the deaf need is an enlarging vision, for the narrow, selfish view blocks its own way to progress.

What is co-operation? There is no better way for us to study and understand about it than watching a game of baseball or football. Of course, a game is sometimes won by some spectacular play, but as a rule it is the result of the players acting conjointly with each other. The better co-operation the surer they may be of their victory. It is the act of working jointly together, which, of course, calls for thrift, foresight, self-control and the habit of harmonious combination for common ends. It does not mean every body doing every thing according to his personal fancy, but every one being interested, alert, willing to co-operate and when things are going good there will be a great united effort to put them over the greatest possible degree of success. When, by accident, mistake, lack of foresight, or carelessness, things are going wrong and failure seems unavoidable there is a quick and eager response to strengthen the weak places, and turn it to victory.

That is the kind of spirit needed in pleasure and work—in fact, in all sorts of organization, and wherever it prevails there is the difference between losing and winning.

Co-operative work requires initiative without egotism, infusing confidence in others by letting them feel that they are being "backed up," willingness to work anywhere, so as to fill in capably wherever weak places develop, careful study, preparation, training, in order than on an instant's notice the right thing to insure success can be done at the right moment.

Unless there is co-operation there is little hope for us to succeed under modern conditions. Civilization is built on co-operative work. The co-operative worker is a diplomat, not a bigot. He is broadminded enough to see the other fellow's point of view, and he has enough common sense to try out the other individual's idea.

Such is applicable not only in baseball, football and other sports, but is absolutely necessary in business, organization, and in every relation of life, if there is to be any degree of success.

Don't imagine that you just must have your own way every time. Be willing to co-operate with the other fellow—to be just a "filler in" sometimes, but in whatever capacity you work or play, put the very best there is in you into every time, and then success is more than half assured.

HERBERT R. SMOAK.



CLAMMING AT POINT O' THE WOODS
A phase of Camp Life seldom indulged in at other places.



OUR CARTOONER'S CONCEPTION OF THE WAY THEY HOLLER AT A DEAF MAN ON BROADWAY AND THE RESULT



BLASTED AMBITION: A MOVIE CAREER IN EXPECTANCY. THEO. C. MUELLER, OF PORTLAND, OREGON, FAILS TO REGISTER

J. Rufus Cook

BY HAFFORD D. HETZLER



LONG the country road he trudged. The blur of dust in the distance metamorphosed into a flivver that stopped by the pedestrian's side. He looked up, and to a polite inquiry put his fingers to his ears. The gentleman in the boat turned to the lady beside him and said, "The man is deaf." Not satisfied with the success with which he put his meaning across, our friend shook his head, "No, he isn't," corrected the traveler, "That's J. Rufus Cook."

Everybody remembers the big guy from Mudville who was here a couple years ago to deliver a reading from Baron Munchausen. Well, when he had finished and was holding a reception in one corner of the auditorium J. Rufus came up and asked him if those stories were true, and said he did not believe they ever did happen, and thought the man who wrote them was a liar. You can't fool Rufe.

He was playing pool one day and made a hash of a certain shot. He remarked that he intended to bank into the lower corner pocket off the "7" ball. Pete Henderson opined his attentions were good, and Jake Swingler made some observation about the road to Hades that I have forgotten.

Rufus visited the big city some time ago, and wishing to know the way to Grant's tomb walked to the traffic cop at 42nd and Broadway and started to pull out his pad and pencil. Mr. Policeman gently led him to the corner and shook his fist at him. They do things differently in New York.

If he is experiencing some tough luck while bowling, and is a bit off form, he does not get discouraged, but looks for another ball. It often happens he uses five or six in the course of a single game. He says, and rightly too, that unless a man can find a ball that suits him he can't bowl for milk.

He is an open hearted man. Secrecy and deception he hates. He told me last night that when he took Mary Smith home from the show he kissed her seven-eight times.

Despite all this I wish he wouldn't talk with his lips when he is signing to me. I understand signs fairly well, but I'm a poor lip-reader, and after vainly trying to synchronize his words to his signs, I always get a headache.

He is a master of facial expression. There is no emotion he can not express by the muscular action of his countenance, and when he stops me up town to hold converse with me he always collects a crowd of idle bystanders who seem tremen-

dously interested in his ability to twitch the muscular membranes of his mobile mug.

When Rufe is on a street-car with me the rest of the passengers excepting those directly adjacent to him, who are busy dodging arms and fingers, have a high old time, for Rufe signs all over a city block. I am modest and retiring by nature and I wish he wouldn't make me so conspicuous.

Outside of those little irritations, which are probably only manifestations of his complex, he is a fine fellow and kind to his old mother. But if he does not stop giving utterance to every fragrant thought that occurs to him I am going to move out of town.

One of these days I think I will "bust" right out and tell him that when I pay thirty cents to see a movie I want to see that movie and not listen to him tell me what it is all about.

P. S.—Rufe was seen up town yesterday with his countenance in a plaster-cast. It seems that he and a deaf wrestler named McNabb had gone to see a boxing contest the night before, and at a critical moment of the match Rufus pounded McNabb's arm and told him what was about to happen. It happened at the same instant, and McNabb got so mad he hauled off and addressed Rufe on the southeast corner of his jaw.

Poor Rufe!

VISIT TO NAN TUNG CHOW

From Shanghai Mrs. Mills went to Nan Tung Chow to visit the school opened by Chang Kien, the teacher for which was trained by one from the Chefoo School. The school is quartered in a comfortable building that nestles under the shadow of Long Shan, (Dragon Mountain) a beautiful spot. There were two teachers, and seventeen pupils under instruction. They seemed to be doing good work both in language and speech. Freehand drawings done by the pupils were excellent, and the cane chairs made were both comfortable and useful.

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Who's Who in the Deaf World

Names will be printed alphabetically as they come from month to month and when completed the list will be turned over to a National Committee who will recommend such persons as deserve of a place in the WHO'S WHO book which we are planning to publish in the near future. We hope those who have failed to furnish us with data about themselves will not delay any longer than can be helped. If your name is omitted it will not be our fault. We wish to be informed of any error discovered in the list in this magazine so that we can make the corrections for the book.

HOWE, FRANK M. Born in Arkwright, N. Y., April 18, 1869. Lost hearing at six; scarlet fever; total. Entered New York Institution for the Deaf in 1877; graduated 1888; valedictorian; gold medal for "highest excellence in all the studies." Took two diplomas in the same school the same year, one for the eight-year course and another for a supplementary three-year course—which should convince the skeptical that Howe is a "go-getter." Fair signmaker; can not read lips; speak distinctly when confident of pronunciation, but is frequently dumb because of uncertainty. Salesman; delivers "selling talk" orally. Home office in U. S. A.; residence same. Has written a considerable amount of poetry, which was thrown in waste-baskets by invincible editors.

RAYMOND, WILLIAM LOUIS. Born in December 31, 1854, at Shelby, Ohio, Richmond county. Attended school at the State School for the Deaf in Columbus, Ohio, from 1865 to 1874. Congenital. Printer in Troy, Ohio in four different printing offices of the "Union," "Record," "Democrat," and "Buckeye," and he had been connected with the "Buckeye" for about twenty-two years. Married on August 11, 1887, to Miss Martha Noland and he had no children. He and his wife have now residents of the Home for the Aged Deaf near Westerville, Ohio, since 1920 on account of their ill-health. Before coming to the Home he had been correspondent for "Ohio Chronicle" from the east of the Piqua and Sidney people for many years. He still writes to the "Chronicle" every week.

WARD, JOE. Born Aug. 1897, at Brookland, Ark. Compositor at Pugh Printing Co., Little Rock. Cannot speak or lip-read; signs. Attended Arkansas School for the Deaf and New Mexico School for the Deaf. Member N. F. S. D. and Arkansas Association for the Deaf. Became deaf from fever (total). No deaf relatives. Skilled worker for Fire Stone Tire Company, 1919-1920.

WATSON, CHAPMAN. Born Sept. 27, 1855, at Wheeling, W. Va. Retired on life Pension from Bricklayers' Union. Home address: 198 Alley 16. Poor speaker; cannot lip-read; excellent sign-maker. Attended Central Public School, Wheeling, W. Va., 1871; W. Va. School for the Deaf, Romney, W. Va., 1870-1875. Lost hearing at 8 years from scarlet fever (total). Married September 1892, to Myrtle Doult (deaf). Has five children and two grandchildren. Learned bricklaying from his father who was a contractor and is considered an expert.

WEIL, SOLOMON DOUGLAS. Born Jan. 24, 1869, at Suspension Bridge, N. Y. Worked for Electric City Box Co., 144 Broadway, Buffalo, N. Y. Home address: 400 Potomac Ave. Fair speaker and lip-reader; signs. Attended Rochester School for the Deaf, 1875-1884. Lost hearing at two from cerebro spinal meningitis (total). No deaf relatives. Married Dec. 18, 1901, to Rose Lee Prager (deaf). Has one hearing child. Mrs. Weil was born in Portland, Oregon; educated at Lexington Ave. School for the Deaf, New York City. Been foreman 37 years. One of the best known deaf men in Western New York. Virtually a right-hand man to the business firm for whom he has long worked.

WEINER, CHARLES MICHAEL. Born June 3, 1882, at Wheeling, W. Va. Baker (bread machinist), with Stroehmann Baking Co., 2203 Main St., Wheeling. Home address: 1113 McCulloch St. Cannot speak or lip-read; excellent sign-maker. Attended West Va. School for the Deaf, Romney, 1891-1898. Member N. F. S. D., Wheeling Silent Club, St. Matthew's Guild, West Va. Association of the Deaf. Born deaf (total). No deaf relatives. Married May 12, 1909, to Emma Schafer (deaf). Has two children, both deaf. Was stogie maker for 15 years; roof machine operator, 3 years; die cutter, one year; now baker. Follows photography as a side line and an expert too. Has a nice outfit for enlarging photographs.

WHESTEL, PETER FREDERICK. Born Feb. 25, 1892, at Baker, W. Va. Cannot speak or lip-read; excellent sign-maker. Attended W. Va. Schools for the Deaf and Blind, Romney, 1900-1911. Member W. Va. Association of the Deaf. Born deaf (total). Has five deaf relatives. In business for himself as harnessmaker and farmer at Baker, W. Va.

WHILDIN, REV. OLIVER JOHN. Born Oct. 22, 1870, at Lansford, Pa. Ministry to the Deaf (Protestant Episcopal). Home address: 2100 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md. Excellent speaker; poor lip-read; excellent sign-maker. Attended Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, 1881-1887; Gallaudet College, 1887-1892. Member N. A. D., Gallaudet Alumni Association, N. F. S. D., Maryland Clericus, Divinity School Alumni Association, Pennsylvania Institution Alumni Association. Lost hearing at six from measles (total). No deaf relatives. Married, 1893, to Jennie Elizabeth Stewart (deaf). Has two hearing children. Has held several offices in school and college societies and Sunday Schools; Vice-President N. A. D.; President Maryland State Association; General Missionary to the deaf of the South; President Grace Deaf-Mute Guild of Baltimore; Missionary to the Deaf of Maryland; Secretary-Treasurer for the Promotion for Church Work Among the Deaf.

WHILDIN, JENNIE ELIZABETH. Born March 23, 1870, at Walnut, Tippah Co., Mississippi. Home address: 210 N. Calvert St.,

Baltimore, Md. Fair speaker and lip-reader; excellent sign-maker. Attended Mississippi School for the Deaf, at Jackson, 1882-1885; Florida School for the Deaf, St. Augustine, 1887-1888. Totally deaf, cause unknown. No deaf relatives. Married in 1893, to Oliver John Whildin (deaf). Has two hearing children.

WHITLOCK, CARL HUBER. Born Sept. 5, 1901, at Rochester, N. Y. Student at the University of Rochester. Home address: 21 Upton Park, Rochester, N. Y. Excellent speaker, and lip-reader; poor sign-maker. Attended city Public Schools, 1907-1910; Rochester School for the Deaf, 1910-1920; University of Rochester, 1920. Member Lambda Phi Literary Society; Phi Sigma. Lost hearing at 8 years from scarlet fever (partial). One deaf relative. United States Inspector of Cannon, June, 1919, to Feb. 1920. Invented automatic Signal Bell, Lettering Device for Drawings, and other devices. Is full back on University Football Team; pole vaulter University Track Team and Runner University Track Team. In church work, Young Peoples' Service League. Studying Electrical Engineering at University.

WIEDEMANN, MISS EULALIE. Born 1887, at New Orleans, La. Milliner with Miss M. E. Helm, 204 Baronne St. Home address: 1725 Pine St. Can speak, lip-read and sign. Attended School for the Deaf, Baton Rouge, La. Lost hearing at 13 months from pneumonia (total). No deaf relatives. Was Girls' Assistant Supervisor for two years.

WIGGERS, WILLIAM JOHN. Born in Vanderburg County, Ind. Printer—Linotype operator with the Courier, Evansville, Ind. Home address: 419 Elliott St., Evansville. Excellent speaker, lip-reader and sign-maker. Attended Indiana State School for the Deaf, 1904-1915. Member Iowa Association of the Deaf and National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Lost hearing at four from cerebro spinal meningitis. Vice-President Iowa Association of the Deaf, 1912 to date; is an expert linotype operator.

WIEMUTH, CHARLES H. Born Dec. 16, 1890, at Brooklyn, N. Y. Printer. Home address: 284 Sterling St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Cannot speak; fair lip-reader and sign-maker. Attended Lexington Ave. School (67th St., New York City) about one year; Fanwood School, 14 years. Member Men's Club of St. Ann's Church, Fanwood Alumni Association, National Association of the Deaf, and N. A. D. of Greater New York. Lost hearing at four from scarlet fever (total). No deaf relatives.

WILLIAMS, ANSEL. Born June 7, 1869, at Cato, Kansas. Instructor in Wood-working at the Missouri School for the Deaf, Fulton. Can not speak or lip-read; excellent sign-maker. Attended Kansas School for the Deaf at Olathe, 1878; Missouri School at Fulton, 1879-1889. Member National Society of the Deaf; Alumni Association Missouri School. Born deaf (total). Has one deaf relative. Married July 1, 1896, to Maud Stevens, (deaf). Had five children; one deaf; one deaf. Wife educated at the Missouri School. Served as supervisor at the Missouri School, 1889-1895; taught at same place 1896; instructor in wood-working since 1896.

WILSON, MRS. SARA TWITCHELL. Born July 15, 1868, at West Webster, N. Y. Auditor and Confidential Clerk, with Wilson Land Grain Co., Arcade, N. Y. Home address: Arcade, N. Y. Fair speaker, lip-reader and sign-maker. Attended Rochester School for the Deaf, 1876-1890. Life member National Association of the Deaf. Lost hearing at 4½ years from spinal meningitis (total). No deaf relatives. Married Nov. 20, 1890, to H. Earl Wilson (deaf). Has one hearing child. Husband (deceased) was a graduate of the Rochester School for the Deaf and attended Gallaudet College for two years. Assistant supervisor of little girls, 1886-1896, at the Rochester School for the Deaf. Supply Supervisor for little boys, older girls and older boys at odd times between 1907-1912. Member of the Board of Directors of the Wilson Land and Grain Company. Highly respected and a character of marked strength.

WINCHELL, CHARLES. Born Oct. 10, 1881, at Canastota, N. Y. Moulder for the U. S. Raditor Co., Geneva, N. Y. Home address: Box 41, Geneva, N. Y. Cannot speak; poor lip-reader; excellent sign-maker. Attended Rome School for the Deaf, 1889-1899. Member Loyal Order of Moose. Born deaf (total). Has one deaf brother. Married July 6, 1906, to Elizabeth Nield (deaf). Has one hearing child. Wife is a hearing woman. Has invented a combination tea and coffee urn—patents on same pending. Is intrusted with the work that needs the most care and is the one to do "samples." Has held the position for years and has made good.

WRIGHT, WALTER EDWARD. Born Feb. 20, 1871, at Glens Falls, N. Y. Crater, with the Metallic Bedstead Factory, Rome, N. Y. Home address: 421 W. Bloomfield St. Poor speaker and lip-reader; excellent sign-maker. Attended the Rome School for the Deaf, 1887-1894. Member Rome Alumni Association. Lost hearing at two years from spinal meningitis. No deaf relatives. Married June 18, 1902, to Belle G. Evans (deaf). Has two hearing children. Was foreman of the printing department Rome School for the Deaf, 1892-1906. Worked in Rome printing offices for five years. Director of the Rome Alumni Association.

THE DEAF WORLD

Compiled by Kelly Stevens

Joseph Bouchard has been authorized by Mr. Harley Drake, chairman of the Gallaudet Statue Replica Fund to sell pieces of the old Gallaudet Monument for a dollar each—the dollars will do to increase the Fund.

Those who want the pieces, write to him.—*News Era*.

Down in Texas the deaf are exempted from paying the poll tax. One of the representative deaf men of the state addressed a petition to the legislature asking for the repeal of that exemption, saying that the deaf asked only a good education at the hands of the state, and wanted no special favor. That is the right spirit, and it is the way we all feel about it, "A fair field and no favors."

The above from the Minnesota Companion reminds us that the Constitution of Louisiana contains a section which exempts the deaf along with the blind, insane and prisoners from the payment of the poll tax. Out in Alabama we believe there is a clause in the Constitution which exempts the deaf from the first \$1,000 in assessed valuation of property.—*Deaf Mississippian*.

The Ohio deaf step right up to the country treasurer's office in June and December and plunk down what ever they are assessed just as hearing folks do. They would consider it unpatriotic not to help of the share the financial burdens of the state, country and city.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

Few days ago an automobile was wrecked at a railroad crossing in Indiana, and an entire family and three related persons were killed—seven in all. The driver was hard of hearing and took not the proper precaution of using his eyes before driving on the track. He could have seen the train approaching if he had looked, so the papers report. But all mentioned the fact of his deficient hearing. This accident will more than likely be used as the argument in favor of a law to prevent persons of deficient hearing from operating automobiles, and will give our automobile association of deaf drives something to look after.

No doubt many accidents are caused by failure to hear from impaired hearing. But there is a difference between people of impaired hearing and deaf people. The first depend on hearing they once had but have lost, while the latter never having heard enough to get into the habit of using it do not depend upon it for safety. But as

a matter of fact, very few hearing drivers, who can really qualify as safe and sane driver of automobiles depend upon their hearing of safety.

THE ITEMIZER has been asked again and again by both the deaf and the hearing whether the provision for separate state schools for the blind and deaf has been already put in effect. One of the two bills for separation passed by the Legislature three years ago was for absolute separation of schools—that is, as understood at best, that the deaf school should stay on this site and the blind school should be built somewhere in Berkeley or at a certain place not far from the University of California (from which a number of blind students have graduated with honors)—and the other one for the separation of the blind from the deaf on this site—that is, that a new building or buildings for the blind should be provided for on a certain part of this site. We could not understand why or how the Legislature made the blunder of passing those two bills, instead of one. Neither of the bills were signed by Governor Stephenson after the session was over. Although he was informed that absolute separation of schools is advocated by the best educators of the deaf and the blind everywhere in the world, yet somehow he signed the bills providing for a new building for the blind on this site. No appropriation, however, was made for this at that time.

The change from the administration of a Board of Directors to the Department of Education was in itself a change requiring many readjustments. But when there was added to this the separation of the school for the blind with the appointment of a principal, the problems were increased and became more complicated.

In the last session the majority of the Legislature expressed itself as willing to grant the appropriation asked by our separate schools, but Governor Richardson decided that the finances of the state necessitated a considerable reduction in the appropriation for buildings, the amount asked for (420,000) being reduced to \$90,000. This will suffice for only a beginning, the full complement of buildings to be provided by future legislation.—*New Era*.

SUPT. T. M. SCOTT

The first issue of the *Lone Star* for this session of the Texas School contains a picture of Mr. T. M. Scott, the new superintendent. He was born at Tyler, Texas. He was for many years with the State Railroad Commission. Later on he served as a member of the State Fire Insurance Commission. He seems to be a man of sympathetic nature and is not

afraid to mix and mingle with the children.—*The Deaf Mississippian*.

A GOOD JOKE.

Jumping at conclusions sometimes lands one in a hole. A farmer was sitting outside his house trying a finger exercise which he had been told would drive the rheumatism from his ancient digits. A passerby approached him. Noticing the old man's gesticulation's the stranger concluded that here was a deaf mute. Drawing an envelope from his pocket, he wrote: "I want a quart of milk." The farmer read it and got the milk. "How much?" wrote the stranger. The farmer held up both hands. The man handed him ten cents, and as he started down the path he heard the farmer call to his wife: "Mary, I have just sold a quart of that sour milk to a dummy."

NEW SCHOOL FOR DEAF IS OPENED.

Manitoba has a new school for deaf and dumb children. At Otterburne a school was opened about thirty miles south of Winnipeg with Miss Marie Olive Rodiboux, formerly of Montreal as the principal. Miss Rodiboux is the only French-Canadian Catholic school instructress who is deaf and dumb. She is said to be highly qualified for the work. The new school was opened under the auspices of the Reverend Brothers of St. Viator of Otterburne. Several French Canadian Catholic children are now in the institution, and it is expected the work will expand.—*Echo*.

WE WON FIRST PRIZE.

Our school was awarded first prize at the State Fair for the best exhibit of any school. And this, notwithstanding there were numbers of High Schools, Consolidated Schools, and Agricultural Schools with splendid exhibits. We were also somewhat handicapped by insufficient space for a proper display of our exhibit. However, we were more than gratified with the recognition received and the many complimentary remarks heard concerning our work. Our sewing department was represented by numerous articles of fancy work, crocheting, plain sewing and dress-making. The exhibit from the cabinet shop consisted of a small model kitchen cabinet, library table, office desk, settee, flower stands and a lawn swing. The printing department showed various specimens of job work, a copy of our Book and a copy of the DEAF, MISSISSIPPIAN. From our shoe shop there were specimens of shoes showing all the

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processes of repairing, a solid leather suit case and two hand bags.

In addition to the prizes for the exhibit as a whole, prizes were awarded to Juanita Hendrix for a luncheon set and to Geneva Warden for a small boy's suit.—*Deaf Mississippian*.

The premiums mentioned above were won at the Staunton Agricultural Fair held during the first week of September. It will be seen that we won ten first prizes, three seconds and two thirds. At the Shenandoah County Fair held the following week, at Woodstock, our School had seven entries which brought back five first premiums, two seconds and one third.—*The Virginia Guide*.

ENGLISH DEAF CADETS' TRIUMPH

A remarkable exhibition of drill and cadet corps of the Newcastle Deaf and Dumb Institution recently, when they were inspected by the Duke of Northumberland on his presenting to them the Lucas Firth shield and medals.

The trophy is annually competed for by all the corps in Northumberland, and it indicates great resource in overcoming natural handicap that these boys should have won in open competition with normal boys. All the words of command are given orally, the boys apprehending them by lip reading.

The Duke of Northumberland, in an address, emphasized the value of drill, saying that as the regiment which drilled best fought best, so the school which drilled best did the best in studies and games.—*From an English newspaper*.

V. S. D. B. HERD WINS

The superb herds to be seen at the cattle barns have been visited constantly throughout the whole day, Monday and Tuesday. Among the fine exhibits is that of the Holstein herd of the Virginia School for the Deaf and the Blind. It made a wonderful showing against fast competition yesterday.

With fourteen entries, five of which were in the same class, the school won the following prizes:

- 1st and 2nd on cows three years old.
- 1st on heifer two years old.
- 1st and 2nd on two animals, producers.
- 1st, 3rd, 4th and 6th on senior heifer calves.
- 3rd on aged cow.
- 1st on junior bull calf.
- 2nd on senior bull.
- 1st on bull two years old.
- 1st on aged herd.
- 1st on young herd.
- 1st and 2nd on two animals, produce of one cow.

Junior champion cow.

Among these is a young cow, Emma Korndyke DeKol, which was the high cow in Augusta county in May, with 2,062 pounds of milk, and 65.98 pounds of butter fat. Also in June, with 1827 pounds of milk, and 67.60 pounds of butter fat.

The herd is receiving a great many favorable comments.—*Staunton Evening Leader*.

DR. GALLAUDET'S NOTE BOOK.

In September while we were looking over the assortment of books in an old bookcase we found on the bottom shelf a very interesting note-book. On the outside was written, "Letters written by the Pupils in the Hartford Asylum." This was in the handwriting of Dr. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the founder and first Principal of the school for the deaf at Hartford, the first school for the deaf in the United States.

It seems that in his careful way, Dr. Gallaudet had kept some of the letters written by some of the first pupils of the school. This was in about 1817. The pupils who had written the letters were many of them twenty years old, although they had never been in school until the school at Hartford was begun. They had been in school about two years when these letters were written. Two of the names signed to the letters are well known. They are Alice Cogswell, who was the first pupil of Dr. Gallaudet, and Sophia Fowler who later became Dr. Gallaudet's wife.

The notebook itself is a thin, brown, paper-covered one, now very much worn. The edges are curled up and frayed. But the handwriting on the inside is very neat and beautiful, and the great love and appreciation for Dr. Gallaudet and his work for the writers shows in every sentence. The little book will be rebound and carefully treasured.—*Just Once A Month*.

DIES THREE HOURS AFTER BEING STRUCK

A motor truck knocked down and fatally injured Mrs. Margie Lousie Rountree, fifty year old deaf-mute and wife of M. D. Rountree, shoemaker, 202 Montgomery Street at 6:30 o'clock Wednesday night, while in the act of crossing the street near her home at 625 South Hull Street. The victim died three hours later in a local hospital from a broken collar bone, fractured rib and internal injuries from which she could not rally.

The truck was in charge of Sam Daniel, negro chauffeur, for the Builders Supply Company, who was arrested shortly afterwards by Chief W. H.

Taylor and Sergeant Ralph King and held at the city jail charged with murder.

No one saw the accident. When interrogated at headquarters Daniel told police he was driving north on the 700 block on Hull Street and was blinded by the lights of an automobile going south, that passed on the left side of a street car parked on a switch at that point. Mrs. Rountree is thought to have been struck to the pavement just as she entered the street, part of the truck passing over the body. It is believed Daniel was unable to see the victim on account of the blinding lights of the motorist who appeared to be driving on the wrong side of the street.

Mrs. Rountree was rushed to St. Margaret's hospital and regained consciousness before the end came but was unable to make a statement to hospital attaches. Members of the family were at the bedside and conversed with the injured woman.—*The Alabama Messenger*.

DEATH OF MRS. SEARING.

Mrs. Laura Catherine Redden Searing, at one time a well known writer for the periodical and daily press and author of several books, passed away yesterday at San Mateo, aged 63 years, after an illness of many years. Her death took place at the home of her daughter. Mrs. Elsa S. McGinn, who formerly acted as head of the San Mateo Police Department. Mrs. Searing's pen name was "Howard Glyn-don."

Mrs. Searing was born in Somerset, Md., in 1848. When she was a young girl, through illness, she lost both hearing and speech, but later regained the latter.

At the age of 18 she did editorial work on religious papers, and during the Civil War she was correspondent at Washington for the *Missouri Republican*.

She wrote "German War Gossip" for the *New York Tribune* during the Franco-Prussian war and was on the staff of the *New York Mail* until 1876, in which year she was married to Edward W. Searing, a prominent New York lawyer.—*San Francisco Chronicle*, Aug. 11.

Mrs. Searing came to California from New York in the summer of 1886 to attend the eleventh convention of American Instructors of the Deaf in this school. Her little daughter was with her. Afterwards she made Santa Cruz her home. She first lived by the light-house of which the grandfather of Douglas Tilden was keeper. Tilden and d'Estrella used to visit her during vacations. She then bought a small lot on the bluff overlooking the town and bay, and built a cottage thereon. She wrote and published a number of short poems.—*California News*.

THE "SPEAKING GLOVE" is again the subject of newspaper talk, some of it is so colorful as to suggest the playful imagination of the feature writer. A report emanating from Atlanta, where much publicity was given the deaf last summer during their national convention, says that at last an easy means of communicating with the silent folks for those who do not understand the sign language has been discovered. "Young Atlantans," the report says, have got together and have devised the glove method of communication, for which purpose gloves have been artistically embroidered with letters on the fingers tips. Thus the public is supposed to be given short-cut over the difficult route of con-

versing with the deaf, and led to believe that there is "no need to learn signs."

Another newspaper item appeared a short time ago illustrated with an alphabet glove said to be used among the deaf and dumb of Berlin to communicate with hearing people. Its lettering is said to resemble that of the keyboard of a typewriter.

But there is nothing new about this device to the well informed deaf. In the New York Times of January 14, 1914, there appeared a lengthy account of the deaf-blind poet and inventor, Morrison Heady, then 84 years of age, with an illustration of his lettered glove for communicating with the hearing world. That he was the originator of the glove, imitations of which are now appearing, may be inferred from the following excerpt from the article.

It was through the first and most important of all Mr. Heady's inventions that the blighting darkness was in a measure dispelled, and a means provided through which he could communicate with his fellow men. This was his lettered glove of thin yellow cotton, on the palm and fingers of which are stamped in black in alphabetical order the twenty-six letters of the alphabet. With comparatively little practice he learned to distinguish the positions of the various letters on the glove and then it was easy for him to make out any words as this or that friend spelled them with careful finger on the glove. His best friends—those who spell to him often—can now tap out words upon his glove almost as fast as an expert typewriter moves.

Thus it is seen that the alphabet glove is merely the adaptation for the use of the deaf of what was invented by a deaf-blind man to bridge the gulf between him and the hearing-seeing world. For the purpose for which it was devised the glove is an admirable aid. For the general use of the deaf in their communication with their hearing friends, its use is not so commendable. The manual alphabet, which is becoming more widely used, as a result of the "education of the public" is the best way to bring the deaf and "society" together.—*The Alabama Messenger*.

THE BROTHERS DE ZUBIAURRE EXHIBIT IN NEW YORK

At the Carnegie Institute a very interesting exhibition is now open, to continue until the first of the year. It consists of paintings by the two brothers,

Valentin and Ramon de Zubiaurre, well-known leaders of the younger Spanish school following the paths marked by Zuloaga and Sorolla. These young painters are very well known in Europe, having shown at the salons and in special exhibitions, and are somewhat known here, several of their pictures having been included in the recent international exhibitions at Pittsburgh. The present exhibition is more extensive, including eighteen examples of the work of Ramon and a couple of dozen paintings by Valentin.

The preface to the catalogue is written by Leonce Benedite and gives many biographical facts concerning the brothers. They belong to an ancient Basque family, and have been familiar from childhood with the imaginative and strongly religious people of the Basque provinces, their mysticism, sensitiveness and poetic exaltation, as well as their highly picturesque primitive customs. Their appreciation of things seen has been intensified by the fact that both were born deaf.

They early decided to devote their art to their native country and the Basque types so well known to them. They studied these at the village fairs, rustic dances and religious pilgrimages, with the appropriate background of a landscape held between mountains and sea and veiled by gray mists. Valentin has interpreted especially the manners and customs of the mountain people, limiting his range to the patriarchal village of Garay. He has painted many different types, M. Benedite says, "elderly women with the typical and peculiar cornered headgear, old peasants with strongly marked features as if they had been carved from the heart of an oak, young girls with clear and liquid eyes, handsome and bold-looking youths with their tawny skins, showing the suppleness of their muscles, caricatural and grotesque figures of which Spain seems to be the motherland and which Zuloaga and his great predecessors had already made famous—dwarfs, idiots and beggars." At first he imitated Zuloaga in both technique and choice of subject, but by degrees his inspiration became more personal, less stylish, simpler, finally acquiring a complete individuality. In his "Espadantzaris" who dance to the cadence of sabres and batons in geometric figures, he is as far as possible from Zuloaga's influence.

Ramon has chosen to paint scenes from the lives of the seamen, and has attempted to show their heroism and intrepidity in their constant struggle with their treacherous element. His great picture, "The Rowers, the Victors of Ondarrosa," is now in the Luxembourg, where Valentin also is represented.

These two brothers never have been known to exhibit separately. Although there is a difference of three years in their ages they are known as "the twins" on account of their striking resemblance to one another in physical aspect. In temperament and disposition they differ widely. Valentin "has the gravity of manner and expression which speak of serious thought. He is reflective, scrutinizes faces and strives to grasp and depict the inner life. His brush shows strong contrasts and deep impressions. Ramon, on the other hand, loves life, the joyous throbbing triumphant life that palpitates on the boundless horizons of the seas.—*New York Times*, Dec. 2.

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ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED

Samuel Brosniak, of Newark, N. J., to Miss Rebecca Meshkin, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Brosniak is a former pupil of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

MARRIAGES

April 4, 1923, at Philadelphia, Pa., Beryl Stewart Kendall to Albert William Wolf.

June 27, 1923, at Seattle, Wash., Walter Lichtenberg, of Tacoma, to Rose Pedigo, of Seattle.

June 27, 1923, at Philadelphia, Pa., Helen M. Gulick to Robert T. Young. Residing in Philadelphia, Pa.

August 25, 1923 at New Bloomfield, Pa., Helen Rachel Nickel to Harry Foster Smith. Residing in Philadelphia, Pa.,

Sept. 29, 1923, at Milwaukee, Wis., Martin Drews, of Sheboygan, Wis., to Miss Lillian Franke, of Milwaukee.

October 2, 1923, at Evansville, Ind., Adolph Brizins, of Evansville, Ind., to Miss Lizzie Jack, of Samoa, California. At home in Evansville after October 25th.

October 5, 1923, at Cleveland, Ohio, John Zoeller to Rose Bartha, both of Cleveland.

October 22, 1923, at Grand Rapids, Mich., by Rev. C. W. Charles, Blinn Nelthorpe and Bertha Sicard.

October 28, 1923, at Seattle, Wash., Fred Emmons, of Everett, Wash., to Anna Smith, of Boulder, Montana.

November 3, 1923, at Philadelphia, Pa., Mrs. Elsie May Wise to Charles William Waterhouse.

November 10, 1923, at Akron, Ohio, Harry W. Hetzler to Lena Druit.

Miss Beatrice Snyder and Mr. William Deegan were united in holy matrimony on Thursday, November 8th. The ceremony was officiated by Rev. Father Garrely in St. Augustine Church, Bridgeport, Conn. Mr. and Mrs. Bohn were the sponsors. The bride wore a white taffeta dress and a white picture hat. She carried a bouquet of white roses. There was a wedding supper held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bohn. Few relatives of the bride and friends were present. There were many wedding gifts for the newly wed, Mr. and Mrs. Deegan spent their honeymoon at Holyoke, Mass., where the bride's people lived and then to Belmar, N. J., to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen J. Dundon. Mr. and Mrs. Deegan will make their home in Bronx in the near future.

Mrs. Deegan was a pupil of Clark School in Northampton, Mass. Mr. Deegan was formerly an ex-giant pitcher and athletic instructor of St. Joseph Institute for boys in Westchester, N. Y.

BIRTHS

August 9, 1923, at Brighton Beach, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Mr. and Mrs. Helen Fogel, a girl—named Neattlet Florence Fogel.

August 21, 1923, at Philadelphia, Pa., to Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Paxton, a boy—named John Warren.

September 26, 1923, at Cleveland, Ohio, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Martin, a boy—named Wilfred Constant.

September 26, 1923, at Cleveland, Ohio, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Rose, a boy—named Harley Fred.

October 12, 1923, to Mr. and Mrs. Powell J. Wilson, Santa Fe, New Mexico, a girl—named Aileen Rose.

November 4th, 1923, at Sandusky, Mich., to Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Buchner, a boy—named Charles Elvin.

October 20, 1923, at Coopersville, Mich., to Mrs. Ethel Mars. Charles Ostaff, a girl.

October 9, 1923, at Cleveland, Ohio, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Bell, a girl.

Nov. 10, 1923, at Milwaukee, Wis., to Mr. and Walter P. Reinick, a boy—named Wallace H. M.

DEATHS

August 8, 1923, at East Stroudsburg, Pa., Miss May Stemple, of pulmonary tuberculosis, aged 50 years, 9 months 8 days.

October 20, 1923, at Coopersville, Mich., Mrs. Ethel Mars Hintz, aged 47½ years, from diabetes.

Nov. 14, 1923, at Brookfield, Wis., John A. Schlumm, aged 54, from consumption.

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a college magazine

Published by the Undergraduates

of

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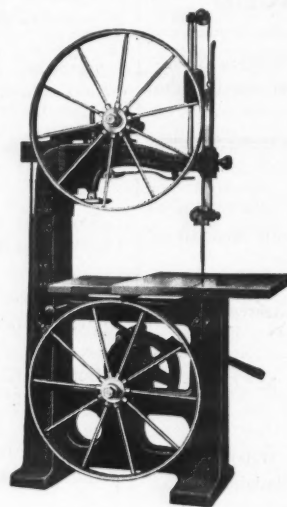
The Buff and Blue is a literary publication containing short stories, essays, and verse, contributed by students and Alumni. The Athletics, Alumni and Local departments and the Kappa Gamma Fraternity notes are of great interest to those following Gallaudet activities.

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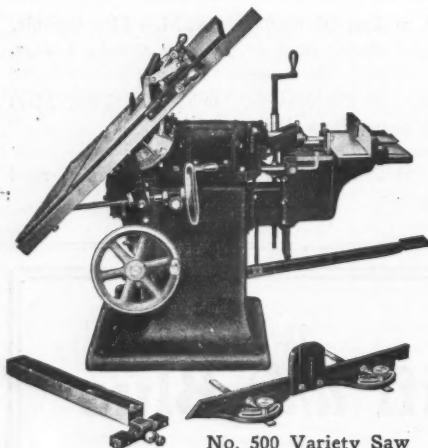
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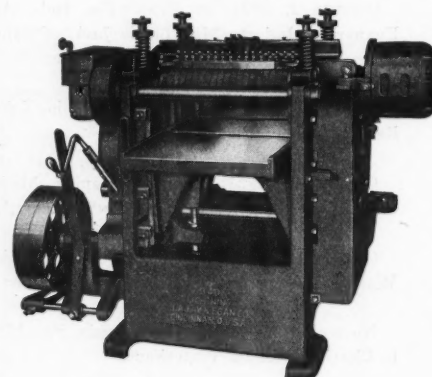
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 Can you understand the speech of people you meet socially and in business?

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 If not, then surely you wish the advantages of other deaf children to be better than your own.
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Also, beyond a doubt, many deaf children who are supposed to be taught speech and lip-reading, do not learn them well enough to rely upon them for communication with hearing people in after-school life. The reason for this is usually that they are not taught to rely upon them at school.

The American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf was organized at a time when very few deaf children in the United States were given the opportunity to learn to speak and read lips. Largely as a result of its efforts, speech and lip-reading are now taught in every school for white deaf children in this country.

The Association, through its agent, the Volta Bureau, and its publication, The Volta Review, is daily striving to promote BETTER SPEECH and BETTER CONDITIONS FOR LEARNING SPEECH in all the schools. Obviously it is the duty of all who are interested in the welfare of the deaf to support its efforts. The cost of membership in the Association is only \$3.00 a year, and includes a year's subscription for the Volta Review, the magazine that carries good cheer and the spirit of happiness into so many homes.

Send your address to THE VOLTA BUREAU, 1601 35th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., and you will receive information about the work of the Association and a sample copy of the Volta Review.

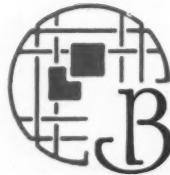
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The Deaf Carolinian (Morganton, N. C.)	1.00	2.00	2.25
The Oregon Outlook (Salem, Oregon)	.50	2.00	2.00
The Pelican (Baton Rouge, Louisiana)	.50	2.00	2.00
The Register (Rome, New York)	.50	2.00	2.00
The School Helper (Cave Springs, Georgia)	.75	2.00	2.25
The Silent Worker Supplement (to New Jersey only)	1.00	2.00	2.00
The Virginia Guide (Staunton, Va.)	.50	2.00	2.00
The Volta Review (including membership in the A. P. T. S. D.)	3.00	2.00	4.50
The Washingtonian (Vancouver, Washington)	.50	2.00	2.00
The West Virginia Tablet (Romney, West Va.)	.50	2.00	2.00
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And to his colors playing
true,
The deed-inspiring Buff
and Blue,
He showed in his heroic
sweat
The spirit of Old Gallaudet
And won his goal.